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THE ASSUMPTION OF HANNELE*

A Dream-Poem in Two Parts

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PERSONS

HANNELE.

GOTTWALD, a schoolmaster.

MISTRESS MARTHA, a deaconess.

VULPE	} Paupers.
HEDWIG	
PLESCHKE	
HANKE	

SEIDEL, a woodchopper.

BERGER, a magistrate.

SCHMIDT, a servant of Berger.

DR. WACHLER.

There appear to Hannele in fever-dream: Mattern the mason, her father. The figure of her dead mother. A large, black angel. Three bright angels. The deaconess. Gottwald and his school children. The paupers Pleschke, Hanke, and others. Seidel. Four white-clad youths. A stranger. Many bright angels, both small and large. Pall-bearers, women of the village, etc.

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PART THE FIRST

A room in the almshouse of a mountain village: bare walls, a door in the center, a small, loophole-like window at the left. Before the window, a rickety table, with a bench. At the right, a bedstead with a straw mattress. Against the wall at the rear, a stove, with a bench, and a second bedstead, also with a straw mattress, and over that a few rags. It is a stormy December night. By the light of a tallow dip, sits TULPE, a tattered old beggar, singing from a hymn book.

Tulpe (sings).— In mercy, Lord, attend us,
We pray Thee, by Thy grace.
From ev'ry ill defend us . . .

(Enter HEDWIG, called HETE, a slatternly creature of perhaps thirty years, with hair tousled over her eyes. She has a thick cloth bound about her head, and a bundle under her arm; she is, moreover, thinly and poorly clad.)

Hete (blowing into her hands, without laying aside the bundle).— Colly, golly! This is weather for ye! *(She lets her bundle slip down upon the table, but continues to blow into the hollows of her hands, and treads alternately with one of her torn shoes upon the other.)* We ain't had weather like this in years!

Tulpe.— What did ye bring?

Hete (shows her teeth and whimpers with pain. Seats herself upon the bench by the stove and endeavors to remove her shoes).— Oh, murder — murder — my toes! They burn like fire.

Tulpe (has untied the bundle. There appear a loaf of bread, a packet of chicory, a small bag of coffee, several pairs of stockings, etc.).— Mebbe I get a bit of something out of it, too.

Hete (who, occupied with the removal of her shoes, has paid no attention to TULPE, now sweeps down like a vulture upon the articles and clutches them together).— Tulpe! *(With one foot bare, the other still in its shoe, she hobbles with her possessions to the bed against the rear wall.)* I'm to go chasin' about for a mile, am I? And I'm to freeze the bones in my body, am I, so that you and yer cronies can fill yer pockets?

Tulpe.— Oh, stop yer cackle, ye old fool! I don't want to steal the few pieces of rubbish *(she rises, shuts the book, and carefully wipes it with her clothes)* that you've been begging.

Hete (stuffing the things under the mattress).— Which one's begging more in their life — I or you? Old as ye are, you never did anything else everybody knows that.

Tulpe.—And you've done very different things, too. The minister told ye what he thought of it. When I was a young girl like you, I behaved myself different,—indeed I did.

Hete.—And got into the house of correction for it, too,—didn't ye?

Tulpe.—And you can get in, if ye're anxious. All I need's to meet a policeman once. I'll tell him some things he don't know. Just mind yer 's and Q's, my young lady,—that's all!

Hete.—Just send a policeman to me, right now; I'll tell him a few things, too.

Tulpe.—Tell him what ye want, for all I care.

Hete.—Who stole a coat, then? Ha? From Richter the landlord's little boy? (*TULPE appears as if about to spit at HETE.*) *Tulpe!* Now ye won't get anything!

Tulpe.—Get away from me! I don't want any of yer presents.

Hete.—Good reason why,—ye won't get any.

(*PLESCHKE and HANKE have actually been swept into the room by the storm which has just attacked the house with furious onslaught. PLESCHKE, a ragged, half-childish creature with a goiter, thereupon breaks into loud laughter. HANKE, a young ne'er-do-well and idler, curses. Through the open door both are seen to shake upon the doorstep the snow from their caps and clothes. Each carries a bundle.*)

Pleschke.—Good Lord! It does blow like the devil. Some fine day or other—day or other, it'll tear this old hulk of a poorhouse all to pieces. (*HETE, at sight of the two, reflects; then draws her treasures from the straw mattress, runs by the men, out, and up a stairway.*) (*Calling after HETE.*) What ye running away—running away—for? I won't hurt ye—won't hurt ye. Ain't that right, Hanke? Ain't that right?

Tulpe (busied at the stove with a pot of potatoes).—The hussy's not just right in her head. She thinks we want to steal something from her.

Pleschke (entering).—Oh, for the land's sake! Well, I never!—Good evening—yes—good evening. The deuce, the deuce! Some weather, outside—some weather! I fell down my whole length—yes, my whole length—long as I am.

(*He has hobbled along in weak-kneed fashion as far as the table. Here he deposits his bundle, and turns toward TULPE his wabby head, with its white hair and bleared eyes. At the same time he continues to gasp for breath from his exertion, coughs, and sets about warming himself. Meanwhile HANKE also has entered the room. He has placed a beggar's sack beside the door, and shivering with cold, has forthwith begun stuffing twigs into the stove.*)

Tulpe.— Where d'ye come from ?

Pleschke.— I? I? Where do I come from? A long — a long way. I've come — I've come all the way from Oberdorf.

Tulpe.— Bring anything with ye?

Pleschke.— Yes, yes, fine things. Fine things — I have. At the priest-centor's — I got — I got a measure of wine — yes — and above, at the tavern — I got — I got a jug full, yes — a jug full — jug full of soup I got.

Tulpe.— I'll put it right over. Give it here. (*She draws the jug from the bundle, places it upon the table, and rummages further.*)

Pleschke.— There's a bit — of sausage there, too — too, yes. The butcher — Seipelt the butcher gave it — gave it to me.

Tulpe.— How much money have ye?

Pleschke.— Three coppers, yes — three coppers — there are — I guess.

Tulpe.— Well, give 'em here. I'll put 'em away.

Hete (*again entering*).— You're stupid, that's what you are, to give everything away. (*She goes to the stove.*)

Tulpe.— You mind yer own business.

Hanke.— He's her intended.

Hete.— O mercy, mercy!

Hanke.— So he ought to bring something to the missis. That's more than's right and proper.

Pleschke.— Ye can poke fun — can poke fun — if ye want to, yes — if ye want to, yes. But let an old man — an old man be.

Hete (*imitating old PLESCHKE's manner of speech*).— Old Pleschke — old Pleschke — soon won't be able to gabble at all — at all. Soon — soon he won't be able to — to — to — to — to get a word out, yes.

Pleschke (*approaching her with his stick*).— Now I draw the — line — I draw — the line.

Hete.— Who for, ha?

Pleschke.— Now I draw the — line!

Tulpe.— Hit her a crack.

Pleschke.— Now I draw the — line!

Hanke.— Stop yer foolishness.

Tulpe.— You hold yer tongue! (*HETE, behind HANKE's back, employs the moment in which he interferes to defend her against PLESCHKE by quickly seizing something from his beggar's sack and running from the room with it. TULPE, who has observed the proceeding, is shaking with laughter.*)

Hanke.— This is no laughing matter.

Tulpe (*still laughing*).— Why, listen now, — a body mustn't laugh.

Pleschke.— Oh, Lord, Lord! Just look there.

Tulpe.— Just look at yer things. Mebbe there ain't as many there as there was.

Hanke (turns, perceives that he has been duped).— You hussy! (*He rushes in pursuit of HETE.*) Just wait till I get ye! (*There are sounds of heavy footsteps up a stairway, running, suppressed cries.*)

Pleschke.— She's the very deuce, she is! The very deuce! (*He laughs in all sorts of keys. TULPE is about to split her sides with laughing. Suddenly the front door is heard violently to open. The laughter of both ceases.*) Why? What's that? (*Violent gusts of wind drive against the house. Frozen masses of snow rattle upon the window. A moment's silence. There now appears the schoolmaster, GOTTWALD, black-bearded, and two-and-thirty, carrying upon his arm HANNELE MATTERN, who may be about fourteen years of age. The little girl, whose long red hair hangs loosely over the schoolmaster's shoulder, weeps incessantly. Her face she has concealed against the neck of the schoolmaster; her arms hang lax and lifeless. She is but scantily clad, and is wrapped in cloths. Without at all noticing those present, GOTTWALD lets his burden slip down upon the bed which stands against the wall at the right. A man — a woodcutter — Seidel by name — has likewise entered with a lantern. In addition to his saw and axe, he carries a bundle of wet rags and upon his grizzled head has with a somewhat jaunty air set an old shooting cap.*) (*Staring, stupefied, and bewildered.*) Hee, hee, hee, hee! What's this a-going on here? What's this a-going on here?

Gottwald (spreading over the girl coverlets and his own cloak).— Have some bricks heated, Seidel! Quickly!

Seidel.— Listen, listen! A couple of bricks. Come, come, — set about it!

Tulpe.— What's the matter with her?

Seidel.— Ah, this is no time for questions. (*Exit rapidly with TULPE.*)

Gottwald (soothingly to HANNELE).— Never mind! Never mind! Don't be alarmed. Nothing shall happen to you.

Hannele (her teeth chattering).— I am so frightened — so frightened!

Gottwald.— But you need be frightened at nothing at all. No one shall harm you.

Hannele.— Father,— father.

Gottwald.— Why, he is not here.

Hannele.— I am so frightened when father comes.

Gottwald.— But he is not coming. Just believe what I tell you.

(*Some one descends the stairway with utmost rapidity.*)

Hete (holding up a grater).— Only look,— see what Hanke had given

to him! (HANKE has followed in pursuit, reaches her, and endeavors to wrest from her the grater, which, however, she by a quick movement throws from her into the middle of the room.)

Hannele (starting up in terror).—He is coming! He is coming! (Half erect, with head stretched forward, and with an expression of deeper anguish upon her pallid, sick, sorrow-wasted features, she looks in the direction of the sound. HETE has escaped from HANKE, and gone into the rear room. HANKE enters, to pick up the grater.)

Hanke.—I'll thrash ye well — you there!

Gottwald (to HANNELE).—Never fear, Hannele. (To HANKE.) What do you wish now?

Hanke (in a surprised tone).—I? What do I want?

Hete (thrusting in her head).—Thief! Thief!

Hanke (threateningly).—Don't you worry; I'll pay ye back for that!

Gottwald.—I pray you, be quiet. There is a sick child lying here.

Hanke (has picked up the grater, and placed it in his pocket. Stepping back, somewhat abashed).—Why,—what's the matter?

Seidel (re-enters. He carries two bricks).—These will do, for a while.

Gottwald (touches the bricks to test them).—Have they been heated long enough yet, do you think?

Seidel.—Indeed, they'll warm the poor little thing a bit. (He places one of the bricks against the feet of the child.)

Gottwald (indicates another place).—The other here.

Seidel.—She hasn't begun to get warm, even yet.

Gottwald.—She's dreadfully swollen. (TULPE has entered, following SEIDEL. She has been followed by HETE and PLESCHKE. In the doorway a number of other poorhouse inmates, doubtful-looking characters, are visible. All are filled with curiosity, whisper — gradually louder and louder, and approach nearer.)

Tulpe (standing beside the bed, arms akimbo).—Needs some brandy and-water, if there is any.

Seidel (produces a flask, PLESCHKE and HANKE doing likewise).—Here's a finger or so.

Tulpe (who has already stepped to the stove).—Let me take it.

Seidel.—Have you hot water?

Tulpe.—Oh, good heavens! ye could scald an ox in it!

Gottwald.—And add a bit of sugar, if you have any.

Hete.—Where in the world should we get sugar?

Tulpe.—Oh, ye have some. Don't talk so silly.

Hete.—I? Sugar? Never a morsel. (She laughs, forcedly.)

Tulpe.— But ye brought some home with ye. I tell ye I saw it in yer
 erchief, a little while ago. Don't begin by lying.

Seidel.— Well, make haste! Bring it here!

Hanke.— Come,— run, Hete, run!

Seidel.— Surely you see what a condition the girl is in.

Hete (stubbornly).— Oh, get away from me!

Pleschke.— Ye ought to bring the sugar.

Hete.— There's some at the store. (*She forces her way out.*)

Seidel.— It's time you were moving, unless you'd like a couple of raps
 on the side o' the head. Maybe that'd satisfy you. You wouldn't be look-
 ing 'round you for any more, that's certain.

Pleschke (who had gone out a moment, re-enters).— That's the kind
 he is — that's the kind.

Seidel.— I'd soon put an end to *her* tricks. If I were the burgomaster,
 I'd take a stout willow switch, and — as you noticed — she'd soon work. A
 creature like her — she's young and strong. What's she doing in the poor-
 house?

Pleschke.— Here, I've — I've found — yes, I've found a few crumbs —
 crumbs — a few crumbs of sugar.

Hanke (sniffing the vapor arising from the grog).— I'd like pretty well
 to be sick once, myself.

*Schmidt the Beadle (enters with a lantern. Impressively and confi-
 dentially).*— Make way here — the magistrate is coming.

(*MAGISTRATE BERGER enters. Unmistakably a captain of the reserves.
 Moustachios. Face still youthful and kindly; hair already strongly marked
 with gray. He wears a long top-coat; there is about him a tinge of elegance.
 A cane. His cocked hat is tilted at an insolent angle. There is in his bearing
 something devil-may-care.*)

The Inmates.— Good evening, Your Honor! Good evening, Captain!

Berger.— Evening! (*He lays aside hat, cane, and cloak. With a sig-
 nificant gesture.*) All of you out of here, now! (*SCHMIDT assists the in-
 mates out, and crowds them into the rear room.*) Good evening, Gottwald.
 (*Extends his hand.*) Well, how are matters here?

Gottwald.— You know we rescued her from the water.

Seidel (steps forward).— Pardon me, Your Honor. (*At the words he
 salutes, hand at brow, in old military fashion.*) I had a little business at the
 smithy. I wanted to have a band put on my axe-handle. And as I was
 a-coming out of the smithy,— well, down there by Jeuchner's smithy there's
 a — there's a pond. You might say it was a half-lake, almost. (*To*

GOTTWALD.) Indeed that's true. It's pretty near big enough. And perhaps you may know, Your Honor,—there's one spot in it which never freezes over. And that never does freeze, sir, nohow. I was still quite a little shaver——

Berger.— Well,— what next? What was there?

Seidel (*again touching his hand to his forehead*).— Just as I step out of the smithy—the moon was just breaking through a mite—then, sir, it seems to me I hear a sort of a moaning. First I think it's just somebody fooling me. Pretty soon, though, I see that there's some one on the pond. And they're a-getting nearer to the open spot, all the time. I call out—but they've disappeared, as soon as that. Well,—you can imagine,—without saying anything at all at first, I took a plank from the smithy, and ran around the pond. I rested the plank on the ice. Then—one, two, three,—and in a minute I had her by the nape of the neck.

Berger.— I can't say but what I'm pleased for once, Seidel. Usually it's the same old story of floggings,—of bleeding heads and broken bones. At least this is something different. You brought her hither at once, I suppose?

Seidel.— Master Gottwald ——

Gottwald.— By chance, I was passing. I was coming from the teachers' meeting. So I first took her home with me. My wife quickly looked up something, so that she might as much as have dry clothing.

Berger.— What are the facts in this case?

Seidel (*slowly*).— Well,—the fact is, she's the bricklayer Mattern's stepdaughter.

Berger (*after full a minute of surprised silence*).— Whose? That rascal

Seidel.— The mother died six weeks ago. The rest you can learn only from *her*. She scratched, sir, and struck about her, merely because she thought I was her father.

Berger (*murmurs*).— The villain!

Seidel.— He's down at the tavern again—been sitting there in a corner since yesterday and drinking hard. There's no limit to what he can hold.

Berger.— I'll make him smart for this. (*He bends above the bed to speak to HANNELE.*) Come, little girl—will you answer me? Don't cry so. You needn't look at me in that frightened way. I'll not harm you. Now—what's your name? Eh? I didn't understand. (*He straightens up.*) The child is a bit stubborn, I fancy.

Gottwald.— No; but she is half frightened to death—Hannele!

Hannele (*in a whisper*).— Yes

Gottwald.— You must answer the magistrate.

Hannele (shivering).— Dear God, I'm freezing.

Seidel (bringing the grog).— Come — here — take a drink o' this.

Hannele.— Dear God, I'm hungry.

Gottwald.— And when you offer her anything she won't eat.

Hannele.— Dear God, I'm in such pain.

Gottwald.— Tell us where the pain is.

Hannele.— I'm so afraid.

Berger.— Who is it that frightens you? Eh? Come, now — out with it. My dear, I don't understand a syllable. That doesn't do me a bit of good. Listen to me, my lass. Has your stepfather ill-treated you? Has he beaten you, I mean? or shut you up? or put you out of doors? Anything like that, eh? Good heavens, it's a hard job!

Seidel.— Yes, she's close-mouthed. It takes a good deal to make her talk. She's as mum as a lamb, as you might say.

Berger.— I'd like to find out something definite, that's all. But as it is, I rather think I can have the fellow arrested.

Gottwald.— She's dreadfully afraid of him.

Seidel.— This isn't anything new, this business. Folks all know of it, as you might say. Just ask them, if you like. The wonder to me is that she's alive yet. When you come to think of it, it doesn't seem possible.

Berger.— What has he done to her?

Seidel.— Pretty much everything, as you might say. Chased her out to beg at nine o'clock at night, with the weather like it was to-day — to beg money for him to go on a spree with. Where was she to get it? So she'd stay out in the cold half the night; and then when she came home and didn't bring any money — why, people used to go running to the house, she screamed so.

Gottwald.— Her mother was a refuge, while she lived.

Berger.— Well, anyhow, I'll have him put behind the bars at once. He's a common drunkard — he's been on the list this long while. Now come, little girl, look at me.

Hannele (beseechingly).— Oh, please, please!

Seidel.— You won't get anything out of her so easy.

Gottwald (gently).— Hannele!

Hannele.— Yes.

Gottwald.— Do you know me?

Hannele.— Yes.

Gottwald.— Who am I?

Hannele.— Teacher — Teacher Gottwald.

Gottwald.— Fine. Now you know I am always your friend, so don't

hesitate to tell me Why were you down by the pond? Why weren't you at home? Why not?

Hannele.— I was so afraid.

Berger.— We'll step outside. Then you can tell your teacher and no one else will hear.

Hannele (shyly and mysteriously).— He called me.

Gottwald.— Who called you?

Hannele.— The Lord Jesus.

Gottwald.— Where did the Lord Jesus call you?

Hannele.— In the water.

Gottwald.— Where?

Hannele.— Why, down there — in the water.

Berger (as, changing his decision, he draws on his overcoat).— First of all, we must have the doctor here. I fancy he'll still be sitting at the 'Sword.'

Gottwald.— I had sent also to the sisters. The child must receive the utmost care.

Berger.— I'll go and give the doctor some instructions. (*To Schmidt.*) You will bring the sheriff to me. I'll be waiting at the 'Sword.' Good night, Gottwald. We'll have the fellow taken up this very day. (*Exit with SCHMIDT. HANNELE falls asleep.*)

Seidel (after a pause, softly).— I'm thinking the girl'll never get up again.

(*Enter DOCTOR WACHLER, a serious man of possibly four-and-thirty.*)

Doctor Wachler.— Good evening.

Gottwald.— Good evening.

Seidel (assisting in removing the DOCTOR'S fur coat).— Good evening, doctor.

Doctor Wachler (warms his hands at the stove).— I should like another light. (*A barrel organ is being turned in the rear room.*) They seem to be a crowd of lunatics out there.

Seidel (speaking at the door of the rear room, which he has already opened).— You must keep a little quiet here. (*The uproar ceases; SEIDEL steps for a moment into the rear room.*)

Doctor Wachler.— This is Gottwald, is it not?

Gottwald.— My name is Gottwald.

Doctor Wachler.— I hear she tried to drown herself.

Gottwald.— I suppose she knew not what else to do.

(*A brief pause.*)

Doctor Wachler (stepping to the bed and watching).— She speaks in her sleep, of course?

Hannele.— Millions of little stars. (DOCTOR WACHLER and GOTTWALD watch. Moonlight falls through the window, and lights up the group.) What are you striking me with? Oh, oh! It hurts me cruelly.

Doctor Wachler (cautiously loosens her shirt about the neck).— Her whole body seems covered with welts.

Seidel.— Her mother lay just so in the coffin.

Doctor Wachler.— Pitiab! Pitiab!

Hannele (in an altered, obstinate tone).— I won't. I won't. I'm not going home. I must go to the old lady — down in the spring. Pray let me go — father. Phew,— how that smells! You've been drinking brandy again. Hark, how the wood roars! This morning a windfall fell on the mountains. If there's only no fire, now. If the tailor hasn't any stone in his pocket or goose in his hand, the storm scurries him over the hills and far away. Hark! It storms!

(*The deaconess, SISTER MARTHA, enters.*)

Gottwald.— Good evening, sister. (*SISTER MARTHA nods. GOTTWALD steps to the DEACONESS, who is making all preparations for the care of HANNELE; speaks with her in the background.*)

Hannele.— Where is my mother? In heaven? Ah! ah! So far away! (*She opens her eyes, looks strangely about her, passes her hand over her eyes, and says in a voice scarcely audible:*) Where — am I?

Doctor Wachler (bends over her).— With friends.

Hannele.— I am thirsty.

Doctor Wachler.— Water! (*SEIDEL, who has brought a second light, goes to bring water.*) Have you pain anywhere? (*HANNELE shakes her head.*) No? Well, just see, then; you're not so badly off, after all.

Hannele.— Are you the doctor?

Doctor Wachler.— Surely.

Hannele.— Then I am sick — am I?

Doctor Wachler.— A little bit; not very.

Hannele.— Are you going to make me well?

Doctor Wachler (making a rapid examination).— Is there pain here? There? Does it hurt here? Here? Here? You need not look at me so anxiously. I'm not going to harm you. How is it here? Have you pain here?

Gottwald (again steps to the bed).— Answer the doctor, Hannele!

Hannele (in an earnest, beseeching voice which trembles into tears).— Oh, dear Master Gottwald!

Gottwald.— Now just pay attention to what the doctor says, and answer

nicely. (HANNELE *shakes her head.*) Why not?

Hannele.— Because —because — I wish so much to go to mother.

Gottwald (*is moved; strokes her hair.*)— There; never mind. (*A brief pause. The DOCTOR rises, draws his breath, and reflects for a moment. SISTER MARTHA has taken the second light from the table, and holds it.*)

Doctor Wachler (*beckons to SISTER MARTHA.*)— Oh,— if you please sister! (*He steps with her to the table, and in a low voice gives her some instructions. GOTTWALD now takes his hat, and stands waiting, casting glances now at HANNELE, now at the DOCTOR and the DEACONESS. DOCTOR WACHLER brings to a close the low-voiced conversation with the SISTER.*) Of course I shall come again. I'll send the medicines, too. (*To GOTTWALD.*) He is to be arrested, at the tavern — the 'Sword.'

Sister Martha.— So they just told me, a little while ago.

Doctor Wachler (*draws on his fur coat. To SEIDEL.*)— Just come with me to the apothecary's.

(*In passing out, the DOCTOR, GOTTWALD, and SEIDEL in low tones bid SISTER MARTHA good evening.*)

Gottwald (*urgently.*)— What do you think of the case, doctor?

(*Exeunt all three. The DEACONESS is now alone with HANNELE. She pours milk into a little jug. Meanwhile, HANNELE opens her eyes and watches the SISTER.*)

Hannele.— Do you come from Jesus?

Sister Martha.— What did you say?

Hannele.— I asked if you came from Jesus.

Sister Martha.— Do you not know me any more, then, Hannele? I am surely Sister Martha, am I not? Don't you remember that you have been with me before? We prayed together, and sang beautiful songs. Didn't we?

Hannele (*nods joyously.*)— Oh, beautiful songs!

Sister Martha.— Now, in God's name, I am going to take care of you till you are well again.

Hannele.— I don't want to get well.

Sister Martha (*approaches with a small jug of milk.*)— The doctor says you must take some milk to get your strength again.

Hannele (*refuses.*)— I don't want to get well.

Sister Martha.— Don't want to get well? Now, just think it over a little while, first. Come,— come,— I will tie up your hair for you. (*She does so.*)

Hannele (*weeps softly.*)— I don't want to get well.

Sister Martha.— Why not? Tell me.

Hannele.— I want so much — I want so much to — go to heaven.

Sister Martha.— That does not lie within our power, good child. So we must wait until God calls us away. But if you are sorry for your sins —

Hannele (eagerly).— Oh, sister! I am so sorry.

Sister Martha.— And believe in the Lord Jesus Christ —

Hannele.— I believe so firmly in my Saviour.

Sister Martha.— Then you may wait trustfully and calmly. Now I'll fix your pillows for you, and you can go to sleep.

Hannele.— I cannot sleep.

Sister Martha.— Just try.

Hannele.— Sister Martha!

Sister Martha.— Well?

Hannele.— Sister Martha! — are there sins — are there sins which are not forgiven?

Sister Martha.— Do sleep now, Hannele! Don't get yourself excited.

Hannele.— Oh, please, please tell me truly.

Sister Martha.— There are such sins, to be sure. Sins against the Holy Spirit.

Hannele.— Now, if I have committed one?

Sister Martha.— Nonsense. Only very wicked people do so. People like Judas, who betrayed the Lord Jesus.

Hannele.— But perhaps — perhaps. . . .

Sister Martha.— You must go to sleep now.

Hannele.— I am so frightened.

Sister Martha.— Surely, you need not be.

Hannele.— Yes, — if I have committed such a sin.

Sister Martha.— You have committed no such sin.

Hannele (clings to the SISTER, and stares into the dark).— Ah, sister, sister!

Sister Martha.— Be very still now.

Hannele.— Sister!

Sister Martha.— Well?

Hannele.— He will be coming in, in a moment. Don't you hear?

Sister Martha.— I hear nothing at all.

Hannele.— It is his voice. Out there. Hark!

Sister Martha.— Why, what can you mean?

Hannele.— Father! father! — there he stands!

Sister Martha.— Where?

Hannele.— Just see!

Sister Martha.—Where?

Hannele.—At the foot of the bed.

Sister Martha.—There is a cloak hanging here, and here a hat. We'll just take the ugly old things away,—and carry them into the other room to Daddy Pleschke. I'll bring some water, right away, and make a cold bandage for you. Can you stay alone, for just a second? But be very very quiet, and lie still.

Hannele.—Oh, I am stupid. It was only a cloak, was it? And a hat?

Sister Martha.—But be very, very still. I'll be back at once. (*She starts to go, but is obliged to come back, as it is absolutely dark in the hallway. I'll put the light out here in the hall. (Once more gently threatens with her forefinger.) Mind,—very, very quiet. (Goes out.)*

(*It is almost entirely dark. At once there appears at the foot of HANNELE'S bed the figure of the mason MATTERN. A bloated, brutal face, scrubby red hair, a-top of which is set a worn-out military cap, minus the badge. He carries his mason's tools in his left hand. Around his right hand he has wound a strap, and during the entire time he continues waiting in suspense, as if he would the next moment attack HANNELE. The apparition emits a dim glow, which lights the circle immediately surrounding HANNELE'S bed. HANNELE in terror covers her eyes with her hands, groans, struggles, and utters soft, complaining cries.*)

The Apparition (in a hoarse voice, strained to a tone of most violent anger).—Where are you? Where have you been, girl? What have you been doing? I'll teach you. I'll show you, just you mind that. What have you been telling folks? Have I beaten you and ill-treated you? Ha! Is that so? You're not my child. Come, get up. You're nothing to me. I could turn you out on the street. Get up and make the fire. Are you going to? It's out of my kindness to you and pity for you that you're in my house. The result is, you're lazy. Well? Are you going to get up? I'll beat you till you — till you —

(*HANNELE has risen painfully and with closed eyes has crept to the stove, opened the stove door, and fallen in a faint. At this moment comes SISTER MARTHA with the light and a pitcher of water, and the Mattern-Hallucination vanishes. SISTER MARTHA pauses, perceives HANNELE lying in the ashes, starts back, gives a cry of 'Merciful Heaven!,' places light and pitcher aside, runs to HANNELE, and raises her from the floor. The cry brings to the spot the other inmates of the almshouse.*)

Sister Martha.—I had to get some water, and while I was gone she got out of bed. I beg of you, Hedwig, help me!

Hanke.— Now, Hete, be careful, or ye'll break every bone in her body.

Pleschke.— I guess — I guess — somebody's — somebody's bewitched — bewitched the — the girl, sister!

Tulpe.— Mebbe — the girl — is really bewitched.

Hanke (loudly).— She's dying, I'll say that much.

Sister Martha (has with HEDWIG'S aid placed HANNELE upon the bed again).— You may, perhaps, be quite right, my dear man. But, pray,— you see, do you not, that we must not disturb the sick one any longer?

Hanke.— We're not making much noise, at all.

Pleschke (to HANKE).— Ye're a — ye're a fool — ye're a fool, if we want to know it — and nothing — nothing else. Sick folks — sick folks — sick folks have got to have quiet. A child knows that.

Hete (mocking him).— Sick folks — sick folks —

Sister Martha.— I must ask of you very urgently, very earnestly —

Tulpe.— The sister is right. Come,— come out.

Hanke.— We'll go of ourselves, when we want to.

Hete.— I suppose we're to sleep in the henhouse!

Pleschke.— There'll be a place for ye — there's a place for ye,— you know where ye'll stay.

(Exeunt all the paupers.)

Hannele (anxiously opening her eyes).— Is — is he gone?

Sister Martha.— The people have gone. Surely, you have not been frightened, Hannele?

Hannele (continues, anxiously).— Is father gone?

Sister Martha.— Why, he was not here.

Hannele.— Yes, sister, yes!

Sister Martha.— You dreamed it.

(A sweet voice, apparently at a distance, becomes audible.)

Hannele.— Is that the angels? Don't you hear?

Sister Martha.— Surely, I hear it. But you know you must quietly turn over on your side, now, and sleep calmly until early morning.

Hannele.— Can you sing that, too?

Sister Martha.— What, little one?

Hannele.— 'Sleep, child, sleep!'

Sister Martha.— Would you like to hear it?

Hannele (lies back and strokes the SISTER'S hand).— Mummy, sing it me. Mummy, sing it me.

Sister Martha (extinguishes the light, bends above the bed, and with slight suggestion of the melody, while the distant music continues, speaks).—

Sleep, child, sleep!
Through the garden goes a sheep.

(She now sings, and it grows wholly dark.)

A lambkin, through the garden fair,
By grassy bank goes here and there:
So sleep, child, sleep!

(A twilight now fills the squalid room. Upon the edge of the bed, bowed forward, supporting herself with her thin bare arms, sits a pale and ghostly figure of a woman. She is barefooted. Her white hair hangs loosely and long over her temples, and falls upon the covering of the bed. The face is worn with grief, emaciated; the eyes, sunken in deep sockets, seem, although tightly closed, to be directed toward the sleeping HANNELE. Her voice is monotonous, like that of a clairvoyant. Before she speaks, she moves her lips as if in preparation. She seems with considerable effort to draw forth the sounds from the depths of her bosom. Aged before her time, hollow-cheeked, wan, and most shabbily clad.)

The Figure.— Hannele!

Hannele (likewise with shut eyes).— Mummy, dear mummy, is it you?

The Figure.— Yes; I have washed the feet of our dear Saviour with my tears, and dried them with the hair of my head.

Hannele.— Do you bring good news?

The Figure.— Yes.

Hannele.— Do you come from far away?

The Figure.— A hundred thousand miles afar through the night.

Hannele.— Mother, how strange you look!

The Figure.— Like the children of the world.

Hannele.— Your lips sound like bells. Your voice rings.

The Figure.— It is no pure tone.

Hannele.— Mother, dear mother, how you shine in your beauty!

The Figure.— The angels in heaven are many hundreds of times fairer.

Hannele.— Why are not you as beautiful as they?

The Figure.— I suffered for your sake.

Hannele.— Mummy, stay with me!

The Figure (rises).— I must be gone.

Hannele.— Is it beautiful, where you are?

The Figure.— Wide, wide meadows, protected from the wind, sheltered from storm and sleet within God's keeping.

Hannele.— Do you rest when you are weary?

The Figure.— Yes.

Hannele.— Have you food to eat when you are hungry?

The Figure.— I still my hunger with fruits and meats. I thirst, and I drink golden wine. (*She recedes.*)

Hannele.— Are you going, mother?

The Figure.— God calls.

Hannele.— Does God call loudly?

The Figure.— God calls loudly after me.

Hannele.— My whole heart is burned up, mother.

The Figure.— God will cool it with roses and with lilies.

Hannele.— Will God set me free?

The Figure.— Do you know the flower that I hold in my hand?

Hannele.— Primrose.*

The Figure (*places it in HANNELE'S hand*).— You shall keep it as God's pledge. Farewell!

Hannele.— Mummy, stay with me!

The Figure (*recedes*).— A little while, and you behold me no more; and again a little while, and you shall see me.

Hannele.— I am afraid.

The Figure (*recedes farther*).— As the wind drives the white snow-dust on the mountains, so God shall drive your griefs away.

Hannele.— Do not go.

The Figure.— The children of heaven are like the blue lightnings seen at night. Sleep!

(*It now again becomes gradually dark. At the same time beautiful boy-voices are heard singing the second strophe of the song, 'Sleep, child, sleep.'*)

Sleep, child, nor fear!

Strange guests are watching near.

(*Now, on an instant a gold-green glow fills the chamber. There appear three bright angels, beautiful winged youths with rose-garlands on their heads. These sing the conclusion of the song from sheets of music which hang down on either side. Neither the DEACONESS nor the Figure is to be seen.*)

*German 'Himmelschlüssel,' literally 'key of heaven.' Hence its significance here.

THE ASSUMPTION OF HANNELE

The guests that visit thee to-night
Are blessed angels, clad in white:
So sleep, child, sleep!

Hannele (opens her eyes, gazes enraptured at the angel figures, and says amazedly).—Angels? (With increasing astonishment, with unrestrained joy, but not yet free from doubt.) Angels! (In unbounded exultation. Angels!!

PART THE SECOND

All as previous to the appearance of the angels. The DEACONESS sits beside the bed in which HANNELE is lying. She relights the light. HANNELE opens her eyes. The spiritual look seems yet present in her face. Her features still wear an expression as of a transport of divine happiness. As soon as she has recognized the SISTER, she begins to speak with joyous precipitation.

Hannele.—Sister! Angels! Sister Martha, angels! Do you know who was here?

Sister Martha.—Ah! Are you so soon awake again?

Hannele.—Oh, but only guess! Can you guess? (Breaking out.) Angels! Angels! Really, truly angels! Angels from heaven, Sister Martha! You know what I mean,—angels with long wings.

Sister Martha.—Well, then, if you have had such beautiful dreams —

Hannele.—Oh! oh! You say I must have dreamed it. But what is this here? Only look at it. (She gestures as if she held in her hand a flower, and were showing it to the SISTER.)

Sister Martha.—Tell me,—what have you there?

Hannele.—Only look at it.

Sister Martha.—Ah!

Hannele.—Here,—just look!

Sister Martha.—Aha!

Hannele.—Only smell of it.

Sister Martha (makes pretense of sniffing a flower).—Ah! beautiful!

Hannele.—But, deary me,—not so deeply. I'm sure you'll break it.

Sister Martha.—I should be sorry if I did that. Really, what is it?

Hannele.—Why, a primrose! Don't you know what primroses are?

Sister Martha.—Indeed!

Hannele.—Oh, you're . . . Just bring the light. Quick,—hurry!

Sister Martha (as the light falls on HANNELE).—Oh, yes, Now I see it!

Hannele.—Is it not so?

Sister Martha.— But, truly, you are talking far too much. We must keep very quiet now, or the doctor will be angry at us. He has sent the medicine, too. We'll take it faithfully.

Hannele.— Ah, sister! You are so anxious about me. You do not know at all what has happened. Do you,— do you, now? Well,— tell me, if you know. Who gave me the flower? What? The golden primrose? Who do you think? Well? What is the golden primrose for? Can you tell?

Sister Martha.— You can tell me all that early in the morning. Then you will be nicely rested, will be bright and well.

Hannele.— But I am well. (*She sits up, and rests her feet on the floor.*) But you see I am well, sister!

Sister Martha.— But Hannele! No,— you must not do that. You ought not to.

Hannele(*rises, repulses the SISTER, takes several steps*).— But you should let me — go. You should let me — go. I must be gone. (*She shrinks, and fixedly gazes at one spot.*) Ah, merciful heaven!

(*An angel with black garments and wings becomes visible. He is large, strong, and beauteous, and bears a long, sinuous sword whose hilt is enveloped in crape. Silently and gravely he sits, close by the stove, and looks upon HANNELE immovably and calmly. With folded hands SISTER MARTHA has stood by, thoughtful and submissive. She now silently disappears.*)

Hannele.— Has God taken speech from your tongue? (*No answer.*) Are you from God? (*No answer.*) Are you my friend? Do you come as an enemy? (*No answer.*) Have you a sword in the folds of your garment? (*No answer.*) Ah-h-h-h, I am freezing. Cruel frost is wafted from your wings. Chill breathes from you. (*No answer.*) Who are you? (*No answer.*) (*A sudden horror overcomes her. With a cry she turns about as if some one were behind her.*) Mother! Mother! (*There enters a figure in the garments of the DEACONESS, but fairer and more youthful than she, with long white wings. HANNELE hurries to the figure, and seizes its hands.*) Mother! Mother! There's some one here.

The Deaconess.— Where?

Hannele.— There,— yonder.

The Deaconess.— Why do you tremble so?

Hannele.— I am afraid.

The Deaconess.— Fear not, I am with you.

Hannele.— My teeth chatter from terror. I cannot control myself. I am afraid of him.

The Deaconess.— Fear not. He is your friend.

Hannele.— Who is he, mother?

The Deaconess.— Do you not know him?

Hannele.— Who is he?

The Deaconess.— Death.

Hannele.— Death. (*Silently, and in awe, HANNELE looks for a space at the dark Angel.*)— Must it be?

The Deaconess.— It is the portal, Hannele.

Hannele.— Must all go through the portal?

The Deaconess.— Every one.

Hannele.— Will you lay harsh hand upon me, Death? He is silent. He is silent to everything I say, mother.

The Deaconess.— God's call sounds within your heart.

Hannele.— Deeply have I often longed for you. Now I grow more and more afraid.

The Deaconess.— Prepare.

Hannele.— To die?

The Deaconess.— Yes.

Hannele (timidly, after a pause).— Shall I lie within my coffin in these rags and tags?

The Deaconess.— God shall clothe you. (*She produces and rings a tiny silver bell. At once, entering noiselessly, as do all succeeding figures, there comes a small, hump-backed tailor. Over his arm he carries a bridal gown, a veil, and a garland; in his hands, a pair of glass slippers. He has a mincing, antic step; bows silently before the Angel and the DEACONESS,—most deeply before HANNELE.*)

The Village Tailor (with repeated curtsies).— Mistress Johanna Katharina Mattern. (*He coughs.*) Your honored father, His Grace the Count, has shown me the favor of placing with me an order for bridal clothes.

The Deaconess (takes the jacket from the tailor, and puts it upon HANNELE).— Come,— let me put it on you, Hannele.

Hannele (with joyous animation).— Oh, how it rustles!

The Deaconess.— White silk, Hannele.

Hannele (looks down at herself delightedly).— How people will stare to see me dressed so beautifully, and lying in my coffin!

The Village Tailor.— Mistress Johanna Katharina Mattern. (*He coughs.*) The whole village is full of it. (*He coughs.*) What great good fortune you do have, now that you've come to die, Mistress Johanna. (*He coughs.*) Your honored father (*He coughs.*) — His Grace the Count (*Coughing.*) — has been at the burgomaster's —

The Deaconess (places the garland upon HANNELE).— Incline your head now, bride of heaven!

Hannele (trembling with childish pleasure).— Do you know, Sister Martha, I am glad to die — (*turning to the SISTER with sudden question*). But it's you, isn't it?

The Deaconess.— Yes.

Hannele.— You are Sister Martha, aren't you? But no, no — you are my mother, aren't you?

The Deaconess.— Yes.

Hannele.— Are you both?

The Deaconess.— The children of heaven are one in God.

The Village Tailor.— Permit me, Princess Hannele. (*Kneeling before her with the slippers.*) These are the tiniest little mites of shoes in the kingdom. All of their feet are too big — Hedwig, Agnes, Liese, Martha, Minna, Anna, Kaethe, Grethe. (*He has drawn on the slippers.*) They're a fit! They're a fit! The bride is found. Mistress Hannele has the smallest feet. If you happen to be in need of anything further, I am at your service — at your service! (*Bows himself out.*)

Hannele.— I can scarcely wait, mother.

The Deaconess.— You need not now take any more medicine.

Hannele.— No.

The Deaconess.— Now you'll soon be as lively as a trout in the brook, Hannele!

Hannele.— Yes.

The Deaconess.— Come, now, and take your place upon your death-bed. (*She takes HANNELE by the hand; gently leads her toward the bed, upon which HANNELE stretches herself.*)

Hannele.— And so now I am at last to learn what dying is.

The Deaconess.— That are you, Hannele!

Hannele (lying outstretched, the hands as if folded about a flower).— I hold a pledge.

The Deaconess.— Press it closely to your breast.

Hannele (with renewed anxiety, looking fearfully across at the Angel).— Must it be, then?

The Deaconess.— It must.

(*From the remote distance strains of a funeral march are heard.*)

Hannele (listening).— Now they sound the summons to the grave,— Master Seyfried and the musicians. (*The Angel arises.*) Now he rises. (*The storm without has increased in violence. The Angel has arisen, and*

sadly and slowly approaches nearer HANNELE.) Now he is coming at me. Ah,—sister!—mother! I can see you no longer. Where are you, pray (*Imploringly to the Angel.*) Be brief, black, silent spirit! (*Groanin deeply, as if under some crushing burden.*) It weighs upon me,—weighs upon me,—like a—like a stone. (*The Angel slowly raises his broad sword.*) He will,—he will undo me utterly! (*In utmost anguish.*) Help, sister!

The Deaconess (steps commandingly between the Angel and HANNELE and in protection places both her hands on HANNELE's heart. She speaks with dignity, impressiveness, and inspiration.) He dares not. I place my two consecrated hands upon your heart.

(*The black Angel vanishes. A hush. The DEACONESS folds her hands and looks down with a gentle smile upon HANNELE; then she becomes absorbed in her own thoughts, and moves her lips in silent prayer. Meanwhile the sounds of the funeral march have been audible. A noise is heard as of many feet, stepping carefully. Immediately the figure of the teacher GOTTWALD appears in the center door. The funeral march is silent. GOTTWALD is clad in black, as for a funeral service, and carries in his hand a beautiful bouquet of bluebells. He has respectfully removed his tall hat, and ere he has stepped wholly within, turns again with a gesture demanding quiet. Behind him there is a glimpse of his school children,—boys and girls in their best clothing. At the sign from their teacher, they cease their whispering and remain quite still. Nor do they venture across the threshold. GOTTWALD with grave face now approaches the DEACONESS, who yet continues in prayer.*

Gottwald (softly).—Good day, Sister Martha!

The Deaconess.—Herr Gottwald! A good day to you!

Gottwald (looking at HANNELE, and shaking his head in grievous compassion).—Poor little thing!

The Deaconess.—Why thus sad, Herr Gottwald?

Gottwald.—It is that she is dead.

The Deaconess.—We shall not sorrow for that; she has peace, and peace is my wish for her.

Gottwald (sighing).—Yes, it is well with her. From distress and trouble she is free at last.

The Deaconess (lost as she looks).—She is beautiful as she lies there.

Gottwald.—Beautiful,—yes.—Now that you are dead, you do thus at length bloom sweetly.

The Deaconess.—Because she was so gentle, God has made her beautiful.

Gottwald.— Yes, she was gentle and good. (*Sighs heavily, opens his hymnal, and scans it gloomily.*)

The Deaconess (*looks over the hymnal with him*).— We should not complain. We should be quietly submissive.

Gottwald.— Ah, it is hard.

The Deaconess.— That she is free?

Gottwald.— That two blooms of mine have faded.

The Deaconess.— Where?

Gottwald.— Two violets that I have here in the book. They are the dead eyes of my dear Hannele.

The Deaconess.— In God's heaven they will with greater beauty bloom again.

Gottwald.— Oh, God,— how much longer shall we yet be pilgrims through the dark vale of tears! (*With sudden change, in active, business-like fashion, taking from his pocket some memoranda.*) What do you think? I had thought we could first sing in the house here the choral, 'Jesus, My Trust.'

The Deaconess.— Yes, that is a beautiful choral, and Hannele Mattern was a trustful child.

Gottwald.— And then out in the churchyard we can sing, 'Set me free.' (*He turns, approaches the school children, and says:*) Number 62. 'Set me free.' (*He softly intones, beating time as he does so.*) 'Set me free — set me free,— That my Jesus I may see.' (*The children have softly joined in the song.*) Little people, are you all warmly clad? Outside, in the churchyard, it will be very cold. Come right in. Look once again at poor Hannele. (*The school children flock in, and soberly range themselves about the bed.*) Only see how death has made the dear little maiden beautiful. She was decked in rags — now she has silken garments. She ran about with bare feet — now she wears slippers of glass. Soon she will dwell in a golden castle, and dine upon roast meat every day. Here she lived upon cold potatoes — and was fortunate if always she had enough of those. Here you have always called her 'The Beggar-Princess,'— soon she will be a princess in very deed. And so if any one has something for which to ask forgiveness from her, let him do it now. Else she will tell the dear God all about it, and then it will go ill with you.

A Little Urchin (*steps slightly forward*).— Dear little Princess Hannele, forgive me, and do not tell the dear God that I always called you 'Beggar-Princess.'

All the Children in Unison.— We are all so very sorry.

Gottwald.— There,— now poor Hannele will forgive you. Now go into the other room, and wait there for me.

The Deaconess.—Come, I'll take you into the back room. There I'll tell you what you must do, if each of you, too, wishes to be a beautiful angel, such as Hannele soon will be. (*She goes in advance. The children follow; the door is closed.*)

Gottwald (now alone with HANNELE. Shaken with grief, he places the flowers at her feet).—My dear Hannele, here I have brought for you one more bunch of fair bluebells. (*Kneeling beside her bed, in a trembling voice.*) Forget me not altogether in your glory. (*He sobs, his forehead pressed upon the folds of her dress.*) My heart will break, that I must part from you. (*A sound of voices. GOTTWALD rises, and places a covering over HANNELE. Two elderly women, clad as for a funeral, with handkerchiefs and yellow-edged hymnals in their hands, steal in.*)

First Woman (looking about).—Guess we're the first, ain't we?

Second Woman.—No,—the schoolmaster's already here. Good day, master.

Gottwald.—Good day.

First Woman.—You feel it a good deal, I suppose, master! Ah, she was too good a child for this world. Always busy. Always busy.

Second Woman.—Is it true, then, what folks say — or isn't it? Did she take her own life?

A Third Woman (coming in).—That'd be a sin against the Spirit.

Second Woman.—A sin against the Holy Spirit.

Third Woman.—Such sins, so the minister says, will never be forgiven.

Gottwald.—Do you not know, then, what the Saviour said? 'Let the little children come unto Me.'

A Fourth Woman (has entered).—Folks, folks,—what weather! It's enough to freeze your feet off. Hope parson doesn't make his talk too long. The snow lies two feet deep over the churchyard.

A Fifth Woman (enters).—Do you know,—the parson won't bless her. He'll refuse her consecrated ground.

Pleschke (enters).—Haven't ye heard?—haven't ye heard?—a fine gentleman's been to the parson's—a fine gentleman's been to the parson's—and he said: Mattern's Hannla is sure enough a saint.

Hanke (hastily coming in).—They're bringing a glass coffin.

Various Voices.—A glass coffin! A glass coffin!

Hanke.—Oh, Lord! It'll cost a pretty penny, I'll bet you.

Various Voices.—A glass coffin! A glass coffin!

Seidel (enters).—We'll see some great doings here, yet. An angel passed through the middle of the village; as big's a poplar, if you'll believe it. And

here are two more sitting by the pond near the smithy. But they're small, like little children. The girl's something more'n a beggar-child.

Various Voices.—'The girl's something more'n a beggar-child.' 'They're bringing a glass coffin.' 'An angel passed through the middle of the village.'

(*Four white-clad youths carry in a glass coffin, which they set down not far from HANNELE'S bed. The mourners whisper, with astonishment and curiosity.*)

Gottwald (*slightly removes the cloth which covers HANNELE*).—Now you may view the dead, if you wish.

First Woman (*glancing curiously beneath*).—Ah, what hair she has,—all of gold!

Gottwald (*wholly removing the cloth from HANNELE, about whom plays a pale light*).—And silken clothes and glass shoes.

(*All give way, as if blinded, with exclamations of utmost astonishment.*)

Various Voices.—'Ah, isn't she beautiful!' 'Who is it?' 'Mattern's Hannla?' 'Mattern's Hannla?' 'I don't believe it.'

Pleschke.—The girl — the girl — is a — saint.

(*The four youths with gentle care place HANNELE in the glass coffin.*)

Hanke.—I suppose this here means she's not to be buried at all.

First Woman.—She's to be put on view in the church.

Second Woman.—For my part, I don't think the girl's dead. She looks as much alive as can be.

Pleschke.—Let's have — let's have — a bit o' down. We'll hold — we'll hold — a bit o' down in front of her mouth. Yes. And we'll see, yes — whether she — breathes still,—yes. (*Some one hands him a fragment of down, which he holds critically before HANNELE'S mouth.*) It don't stir. The girl's dead. She hasn't ever so little life left.

Third Woman.—I'll give her my bunch of rosemary. (*She places a bouquet in the coffin.*)

Fourth Woman.—And my nosegay of lavender she can take with her, too.

Fifth Woman.—Where's Mattern?

First Woman.—Where's Mattern?

Second Woman.—Oh, he — he's sitting down at the tavern.

First Woman.—He certainly can't know what's happened.

Second Woman.—As long 's he's had his dram, he don't know anything.

Pleschke.— Didn't ye — didn't ye tell — tell him that he had a — corpse — in the house.

Third Woman.— He ought to have been able to find it out for himself.

Fourth Woman.— I don't want to say anything,— no, no, not on any account. But I guess folks most likely know who killed the girl.

Seidel.— Of course; the whole village, you might say, knows that. She has one welt on her as big as my fist.

Fifth Woman.— That creature kills the grass wherever he steps.

Seidel.— We changed her clothes together. Then I saw all right enough. She has a welt on her as big as my fist. And that's what killed her.

First Woman.— 'Tis Mattern only who has that on his conscience.

All (speaking together with vehemence, but in a whisper).— None else.

Second Woman.— He's a murderer.

All (wrathfully, but mysteriously).— A murderer! A murderer!

(There is heard the bawling voice of the drunken mason MATTERN.)

The Voice of Mattern.— Of pillows, the best — is a conscience at rest. (He appears in the doorway, and cries:) Girl! Girl! You brat! Where are you hiding? (He sways heavily against the door-post.) I'll count to five — that's as long as — I'll wait. Not a minute longer; one — two — three and one makes — Girl! don't get me mad, that's all, I tell you. If I look for you, and find you, you rapsallion, I'll smash you to pieces. (He hesitates and becomes aware of those within, who remain perfectly motionless.) What do you want here? How did you get here? The devil sent you, I suppose — eh? Well,— come, get out.— Are you going to? (He laughs to himself.) Well, wait a spell. I can steer myself, all right. There's nothing much the matter with me. I've got a little too much in my head. That rather bothers a fellow — (He sings:) Of pillows, the best — is a conscience at rest. (Startled.) Are you there yet? (In sudden and violent anger, looking for something with which to strike.) The first thing I lay my hands on —

(There has entered a man in a worn brown travelling cloak. He is about thirty years old, has long, black hair, and a pale face with the features of the teacher, GOTTWALD. He has a slouch hat in his left hand, and sandals upon his feet. He seems footsore and dusty. Interrupting the words of the mason he gently touches him upon the arm. MATTERN wheels swiftly about. With earnestness and utmost composure the STRANGER looks into his face.)

The Stranger (humbly).— Mattern the mason,— hail!

Mattern.— How did you get here? What do you want?

The Stranger (with humble entreaty).— I have walked until my feet are bleeding; give me water to wash them. The hot sun has parched me; give me wine to drink, that I may gain refreshment. I have eaten no bread since I set out in the morning. I am hungry.

Mattern.— What's that to me? Who makes you loaf along the highway? Work, then. I have to work.

The Stranger.— I am a workman.

Mattern.— You're a tramp. If a man works, there's no need for his begging.

The Stranger.— I am a workman without wage.

Mattern.— You're a tramp.

The Stranger (hesitatingly, submissively, yet at the same time impressively).— I am a physician; you may have need of me.

Mattern.— I'm not sick, I don't need any doctor.

The Stranger (in a voice trembling with inward emotion).— Mattern the mason, bethink yourself! No water need you offer me, yet will I heal you. No bread need you give me to eat, yet will I make you whole, God helping me.

Mattern.— Get along with you. Be about your business. I'm healthy enough, I am. I don't need any doctor. D'ye understand?

The Stranger.— Mattern the mason, bethink yourself! I will wash your feet. I will give you wine to drink. You shall eat sweet bread. Set your foot upon the crown of my head, yet will I heal you and make you whole, God helping me.

Mattern.— Come now,— will you get out, or won't you? If you don't get out of here, I can tell you one thing —

The Stranger (in stern admonition).— Mattern the mason, do you know what you have in the house?

Mattern.— Everything that belongs there. Everything that belongs there. *You* don't belong there. So, come,— get out.

The Stranger (simply).— Your daughter is ill.

Mattern.— She don't need any doctor for *her* illness. *Her* illness is just pure laziness. But I'll drive it out of her.

The Stranger (solemnly).— Mattern the mason, I am come as a messenger.

Mattern.— From whom do you come as a messenger?

The Stranger.— I come from the Father, and I go unto the Father. Where do you keep His child?

Mattern.— How do I know where she's dawdling? What are his children to me? He hasn't troubled himself any about them before.

The Stranger (firmly).— You have a coffin in your house.

Mattern (becomes aware of the presence of HANNELE, steps rigidly and silently to the coffin and looks in, murmuring).— Where did you get the beautiful clothes? Who bought you the glass coffin?

(The pall-bearers whisper vehemently and mysteriously. Several times the word 'Murderer!' is heard, spoken in tones of utmost indignation.)

Mattern (softly and tremblingly).— But I never treated you badly. clothed you. I fed you. *(Insolently, toward the STRANGER.)* What do you want of me? How does this concern me?

(Among the pall-bearers the whispering grows more vehement and angry, and there are more frequent sounds of 'Murderer!' 'Murderer!')

The Stranger.— Have you nothing at all with which to reproach yourself? Have you never torn her from her sleep at night? Has she never beneath your fists sunk down as dead?

Mattern (terrified, beside himself).— You may strike me dead, if it's true. Here, right on the spot! May lightning from heaven strike me this instant, if I am guilty! *(Faint, bluish lightning and the distant roll of thunder.)*

All (in confusion).— 'A thunder-storm's rising!' 'Now,—in the middle of winter!' 'He has sworn to his own ruin!' 'The murderer has sworn to his own ruin!'

The Stranger (impressively and kindly).— Have you still nothing to say to me, Mattern?

Mattern (in pitiable terror).— He that loves his child chastens it. I've done nothing but good to the girl here. I've kept her like my child. I have a right to punish her, if she does wrong.

The Women (crowd in upon him).— Murderer! Murderer! Murderer! Murderer!

Mattern.— She lied to me and deceived me. She stole from me, day after day.

The Stranger.— Do you speak the truth?

Mattern.— May God punish me —

(At this moment there appears in HANNELE's folded hands a primrose blossom which radiates a yellowish-green glow. MATTERN the mason, as if demented, trembling in every limb, stares at the apparition.)

The Stranger.— Mattern the mason, you lie.

All (confusedly speaking in utmost agitation).— 'A miracle!' 'A miracle!'

Pleschke.— Th' girl — th' girl — is a — saint; he's sworn to his ruin,— body and soul — soul.

Mattern (roars).— I shall hang myself! (Clutches his temples with both hands and rushes out.)

The Stranger (advances to HANNELE'S coffin, and turning about addresses those present. All shrink back in awe from the figure, whose presence and speech are now filled with majesty).— Fear not. (He stoops, and grasps HANNELE'S hand, as if examining it. Full of gentleness, he speaks.) The ramsel is not dead. She sleeps. (With deepest feeling and confident strength.) Johanna Mattern, arise!!!

(A bright golden-green light fills the room. HANNELE opens her eyes, supports herself upon the hand of the STRANGER, but dares not to look into his face. She rises from the coffin, and straightway sinks upon her knees before the One who has recalled her to life. Terror seizes upon all present. They see. The STRANGER and HANNELE remain alone. The cloak has now slipped from his shoulders, and he stands there in garment of white and gold.)

The Stranger (mildly, and with feeling).— Hannele.

Hannele (transported with joy, bowing her head as deeply as possible).— It is He.

The Stranger.— Who am I?

Hannele.— Thou.

The Stranger.— Name my name.

Hannele (breathes in a tremulous and reverent voice).— Holy, Holy!

The Stranger.— I know all your sufferings and griefs.

Hannele.— Blessed, Blessed —

The Stranger.— Arise.

Hannele.— Thy dress is spotless. I am filled with shame.

The Stranger (places his right hand upon HANNELE'S head).— Thus take I from you all your lowliness. (Having with gentle pressure caused her to raise her face, he touches her eyes.) Thus do I gift your eyes with light eternal. Eyes, comprehend within you suns, and suns upon suns. Comprehend within you the eternal day from dawn to sunset and sunset to dawn. Comprehend within you whatsoever shines there, blue sea, blue heaven, and green fields that stretch away unending. (He touches her ear.) Thus do I grant to your ear to hear all the rejoicing of all the millions of angels in the million heavens of God. (He touches her mouth.) Thus do I loose your stammering tongue, and place upon it your soul, and my soul, and the

THE ASSUMPTION OF HANNELE

Soul of God, the Almighty. (HANNELE, *trembling in every limb, endeavoring to rise. As if weighted down under a vast burden of joy, she is unable to do so. Shaken by deep sobs and crying, she conceals her head on the breast of the STRANGER.*) With these tears do I wash your soul from the dust and pain of earth. I will elevate your foot above the stars of God. (*As he strokes HANNELE'S head with his hand, the STRANGER, to half audible music, speaks the following. While he is speaking, there appear in the doorway the figures of angels, boys and girls, big and little. These stand hesitating, venturing within, swing censers, and adorn the room with carpets and flowers.*)

The city of the blessed is bright beyond compare;
 No sorrow falls within its walls, and peace abideth there.
 (*Harps, at first softly, but at last loudly and full.*)
 Its dwellings are of marble, and with gold its summits shine;
 The waters of its silver streams flow ruddily with wine;
 The white, white streets are glad with flowers strewn gaily over all,
 While from its belfries echo chimes of ceaseless festival.
 By dawn illumed, the battlements rise beautiful with spring,
 Rose-wreathed, beset with butterflies that flit on careless wing.
 Twelve milky swans in circling course wheel far adown the sky,—
 Urge their harmonious way, and preen their plumage as they fly;
 High through the sunny space of heaven, through blossom-haunted air
 Amid the bells' imperious peal full dauntlessly they fare.
 Thus do they circle solemnly in their eternal round;
 Their pinions like to melodies of moving harps resound;
 On Zion, on the pleasaunces and sea their looks they cast,
 The happy fields of glancing flowers they traverse, and are past.
 Beneath, along the sunlit ways of that celestial land,
 The joyous hosts of them of Earth go onward hand in hand
 To where the wide, wide sea rolls high its waves of ruddiest wine;
 Therein they plunge with glorious frames that coruscate and shine.
 They plunge them in amid the foam, amid the glory bright;
 Beneath the lucent purple waves they disappear from sight;
 Then with a shout of jubilee straightway forsake the flood,—
 Thus purified within the tide of their Redeemer's blood.

(*The STRANGER now turns to the angels, who have completed their work. With timid joy and happiness they come forward and form a half-circle about HANNELE and the STRANGER.*)

The Angels (sing in chorus:)

Gently we lift thee, and tenderly lay thee;
Lullaby — heavenward now we convey thee.
Lullaby — heavenward now we convey thee.

(During the song of the angels the scene darkens. From out of the darkness the singing is heard, more and more faintly and distant. It now grows again light, and a view is had of the almshouse room, where all is as it was before the first apparition arose. HANNELE is again lying in bed,— a poor, sick child. DOCTOR WACHLER has bent above her with the stethoscope. The DEACONESS, who holds the light for him, anxiously watches him. Now the song has at last completely died away.)

Doctor Wachler (straightening up).— You are right.

Sister Martha.— Dead?

Doctor Wachler (nods sadly).— Dead!

ABYDOS*

A FRAGMENT

BY HENRIK IBSEN

Translated from the Norwegian by Dr. Lee M. Hollander

MONDAY, November the 15th, 1869, we steamed down the Nile on the *Ferous*. We were coming from Nubia, and planned, first of all, to stop at Girgeh, for the purpose of visiting, from there, ancient Abydos, which the unusually great inundation of this year had made inaccessible to us on our way up the river.

At 5 o'clock in the morning we had left Quenneh. The river at this point describes a wide curve toward the Northwest. The eternally cloudless sky of Egypt trembled overhead with its heat and light — or, rather, it trembled over the awning under which we fortunate Nile travelers reposed on the poop of the vessel. A couple of industrious Berliners were writing 'Pyramidenbriefe' for their home papers, and, in true Berlin manner, underscored all jokes, so that they should be spaced out, and be understood by the other Berlin folks at home. The remainder of us had seated ourselves comfortably on rugs and pillows, and smoked the Khedive's Havanna.

*[NOTE.—While temporarily in Stockholm, summer 1869, Ibsen received—through King Charles XVth of Sweden — an invitation from the Khedive to assist at the opening ceremonies of the Suez Canal. The only other compatriot to be selected was the Egyptologist Lieblein. It is not quite clear, by the way, whether the choice of Ibsen as representative of Norway fell upon him as a writer of growing international reputation, the author of 'Brand' (1866) and 'Peer Gynt' (1867), or merely because of his supposedly serious descriptions, in the fourth act of 'Peer Gynt,' whose many scenes shift from the 'Southwest shore of Morocco' to the madhouse in Cairo. (Cf. the P. S. to letter to his publisher, Hegel, May 9th, 1871.) Before the opening of the canal (November 17th), a select party of eighty-five was taken on a twenty-four days' expedition up the Nile into Nubia, under the guidance of Mariette Bey. Beside occasional reminiscences in his letters, only the poems 'At Port Said' and the 'Balloon Letter to a Swedish Lady' show direct evidence of this — keenly relished — episode in the poet's life. The present fragment is one of the few extant attempts of Ibsen at prose description and narration. It was evidently written with the impression yet fresh in his mind, and reinforced by the exact diary he states (letter 62, to Hegel) he kept on this trip.]

Authorized translation from the original (printed for the first time in the Norwegian magazine 'Samtiden,' 1908, No. 2) by Dr. Lee M. Hollander.

gars. The fly-fans were already started, and likewise the reports of our nightly encounters with the mosquitoes, that sevenfold plague of present-day Egypt.

A spell of noiseless silence seems to hang over the landscapes of the Nile valley. There is in it something of the silence of the Sphinx. To-day, not a breath of air was perceptible, beyond the breeze produced by the motion of the ship. The river flowed on broad and full between its double border of palm groves. Behind them, the land rises, on either hand, toward far away mountain ranges, and all that the Nile cannot reach, all that yellow limitless extent which glitters, and casts its reflection into the air, that is the Desert — to the West the Lybian, to the East the Arabian Desert.

Here and there, on the mud banks revealed by the falling waters, there stands some solitary Marabu on his two stiff legs, lowers his bill and his bald head on his chest, and looks real humanly sorrowful. Herons stalk about, and pelicans claw around in the mud, and from the durrah-fields further inland, ibis birds rise like so many flights of white pigeons.

For an hour or so, already, we have had the slender minarets of Girgeh before us; but it takes time to reach that city; for the river makes many bends. At last, toward noon, we make the town and come to a halt. The three other steamers that went slower, and had, therefore, left Quenneh already the night before, were moored alongside the city, together with their dahabyehs, or cargo boats.

A richly variegated scene presented itself to our eyes here. Europe and the Orient in picturesque confusion. Straight before us rose a tall minaret glistening in the sun. Close by were the ruins of a Coptic monastery the entire front of which had crumbled away into the river. Besides, Arab huts, heaps of ruins, and sycamores. An Egyptian coffeehouse had been established in the ruined monastery; the guests were seated outside, under a roof of dried palm branches. A great assembly was gathered here; long pipes and long beards predominated in the group; and also long oriental silences, and long European small-talk. And there are some familiar faces in that group. That handsome man with brown eyes who, from a little distance, so strikingly reminds one of Abdel Kader, and who is just a bit showing off his becoming silk hood and white striped Bedouin burnoose — that is the archeologist Lenormant. By his side sits, lively and friendly, wearing a red fez and a sky-blue flannel blouse, doctor Isambert, the Murray and Baedeker in one of Egypt. That little, delicate white-haired man, without parasol, and with his felt-hat turned down like Kilian's* in 'Ulysses von Ithacia,' is the chemist Ballard. On the outermost

*Cf. Ludwig Holberg's 'Ulysses von Ithacia,' Act III, scene 4.

edge of the river bank stands Bertholet, thick-set, robust, and jovial, and has a thousand news to shout to us onboard. A lady shines forth, as one specimen of her kind in the company; her dress is in European, her circumference in Oriental style. It is, of course, Madame Collet, Parisienne and literary woman. Her attention, at this moment, is fixed on her diary, into which our arrival is put down, to reappear in a great French journal. A score of barking dogs are sending us their customary greeting from the house-tops. Arab women stand immovably in doorways and corners, and stare at us from behind their long, black veils; and the lower class of the male population, the Fellaheen, are scampering up the high heaps of ruins, amid laughter and shouting, pursued by native police-men who, with the help of long palm sticks, attempt to persuade them to lend a hand at the mooring of our ship.

On my Nile journey I felt, for the first time, that it may also be an advantage, to belong to a small nation. Indeed, Europeans carry their squabbles along with them, wherever they go; and thus here also. However, the Germans and the French were so kind as to do all that was necessary, along that line, and, in consequence, the remainder of us did not suffer any loss of time and of peace of mind. In fact, they succeeded, by a few well employed hours of intrigue and counter-intrigue, in postponing our trip to Abydos until the following morning. Only a rebellious minority of 7—8 persons started in the afternoon, in order to pass the night among the ruins.

As soon as lunch, with the obligato siesta following it, had been gotten through, I went ashore to have a look at the city. Girgeh was, at one time the capital of Upper Egypt, and is still said to have thirty thousand inhabitants. It owes its name to Saint Girgis, or George, to whom the above mentioned Coptic monastery was dedicated. This monastery is reported to have been extremely wealthy, formerly, and to have housed more than two hundred monks whilst it flourished. The great majority of the population is, of course, composed of Arabs.

Let one imagine a crowded mass of houses burned to their foundations all grey in grey; collapsed, dirty, irregular, buried under debris, and with narrow, winding passages between, and one will have a sufficiently graphic idea of a South Egyptian city. Girgeh is no exception from the rule. I became absorbed in studying the bazaars which, in this city, were very poorly stocked. Some few tin and copper utensils, a little pottery of the simplest description, tobacco, durrah, cotton-goods, and that was about all. Nor is there any sign of family life; no social intercourse between individuals. The Oriental has intercourse but with his superior or his subordinate, never

with his equals; his mind is overcome, as it were, by the same silence and muteness that oppresses the landscape. The veil of a dull, unreal existence, continued in a dreamlike state, seems to hang over him. For that reason I believe that his coffee, his tobacco, his opium, does not, in any true sense, induce in him any abnormal condition, but is, rather, only a stimulant to his natural condition.

Now, if that is the case, one may easily realise the enormous task to be accomplished here by the government which proposes to introduce an entirely new civilisation. For the main point here is not to make improvements on institutions already existing; but all depends on simply transforming the entire mental habitus of the people, on breaking up the prejudices of a thousand years — indeed, to a certain degree, on doing violence to the very spirit of the nation. Only an intrepid, autocratic government would be able to push this through. Any popular representation along European lines would, of course, lapse into gentle balderdash about ‘the rights of man’; like the river Nile, it would set the problem under oratorical water; but would hardly leave its fertilising mud on any other field but on that of the empty phrase.

The interest one experiences in travelling through these regions, so entirely strange to one, lies, to a great extent, in the comprehension one gradually arrives at that at the bottom of all the apparent absurdity of these shrieks, and antics, and strange actions, there is, nevertheless, a certain order; that all these, nevertheless, are manifestations of a society which also has its laws and customs; and in proportion as this comprehension grows, the people are brought nearer to one; the distance between the outlandish and the homelike becomes less and less; and, for that matter, every one who has travelled much will at last come to the conclusion that the various nations by no means are so different in their innermost being as one is apt to believe at the outset.

A European appearing here of course excites curiosity; but his sense of propriety does not permit the Arab to betray it, least of all in any offensive manner. His bearing is measured and dignified, friendly, if a request is made, but never cringing. Obtrusiveness is, to be sure, met with among individuals of the classes which most often come in contact with travellers — such as donkey drivers and the kind; but there is the question who is the guilty party; and, at any rate, obtrusiveness here assumes so naive an expression that it causes amusement rather than offense.

A couple of stark naked Fellah brats faithfully followed me around on my stroll, never tired of repeating their ‘backschis.’ A ‘rue’ or ‘mafsh’ chased them away for a moment; but at the next corner there they were

again. I walked farther and farther, until I came to the maize-field behind the city, and through them to the very edge of the desert. The sun was just setting behind a clump of palm trees, which cast their long shadows toward me on the yellow stretch of sand. Never had I felt the peace of sunset as strongly as here in Egypt. At home, evening always came upon me with a certain oppressive power that saddened the mind and drove me to seek company. Here, where the idea of hermit-life has had its cradle, here one comprehends that thought, just as in Italy one learns to understand how one can enter monastic life and feel happy in it.

At a turn of the road, a high sand dune rose between me and the western sky. On its top sat some vultures busy pecking at the carcass of a camel. They made a splendid picture, with their sharp contours against the light-suffused background. A little farther on, an Arab woman was driving home her buffalo cow; a calf scampered along behind; a naked Arab boy sat on the back of the cow, and his younger brother on the woman's shoulders.

Then I retraced my steps back to the bank of the Nile. Life and merriment prevailed there. The Levantines among our crew were playing leap-frog, and the natives stood about in great crowds as spectators. Their dignity and decorum were set aside, and one peal of laughter succeeded the other. Meanwhile night fell, and long rows of torches were lit in honor of us strangers. At last, the signal announcing dinner was sounded from the boat.

There followed a marvellous night; and it grew and grew in beauty. The stars stood out full and round against the translucent blue-black sky. A level mist descended on the Nile valley, and transformed the landscape into an enormous bay bounded, toward the South, by huge mountain chains. Now and then, a dahabyeh would glide past on the current, with a paper lantern gleaming big and red on its prow; the rhythmic monotone of the crew's song floated across the water with muffled sound, to die away far down the river. We Scandinavians had joined company in silence; I am sure our thoughts turned homeward. In such moments, one wishes to be reconciled with all humanity, and asks one's self: how did you deserve to see all this magnificence? They seemed to stand before me, all the many there at home that, year in, year out, do their quiet work — all they who have the need and the longing to see the outside world, but who yet must resign themselves and tread forever the mill of daily toil. Well, it was not long before I came to remember that we also had our crosses to bear; for it was past midnight, and high time to betake ourselves to the place of torture below, with the mosquitoes inside, and snoring foot-soldiers on the threshold.

Next morning, the signal for arising was sounded at half past four. Two negroes, the servants of our servants, went about the ship, making a terrific din with frying pans and fire tongs. In a hurry we dressed and attended to breakfast. It was dark yet, but there was a faint glimmer of dawn to the East. On the river bank we could discern a confused group of asses, horses, camels, and Arabs that had been ordered to transport us to Abydos. Each traveller selected an animal and a guide, and singly, or in small groups, our company started on their way. I had laid hold of a well-saddled ass, with an Arab belonging thereto who had acquired a couple of words of the *lingua franca*, and to whom I could make myself understood, in a pinch, by help of Italian.

Our road led southward, with the Nile on our left hand, and we had left the city behind us in a few minutes. A dry stony plain extended before us; groups of palm trees could be made out indistinctly in the morning haze, and the stars grew paler and paler. After about half an hour's ride we came to a canal dug straight across the plain where we were shipped over to the opposite shore on a ferry of the most primitive kind, animals and men all mixed up in the most thorough confusion, and about to sink every moment. Arrived there, we continued our journey on an endless dike, along another canal cutting the one above mentioned at right angles. The landscape was very monotonous. Great fields of maize extended beyond the water as far as the eye could reach; a solitary sycamore, or a cluster of palm trees leaned over the bank, here and there, and at the edge of a field a family of Fellaheen had erected their brown woolen tent, before whose entrance a shepherd dog would stand barking. A flock of goats climbed about the slope of the dike. Greyish yellow as they are, with narrow faces and shoulders, and ears hanging down long like corkscrew curls, they bear a striking resemblance to traveling Englishwomen. A Fella woman set over the canal on a peculiar contrivance, made of wickerwork, and looking like a big basket turned upside down; it is filled with empty earthen vessels which float it, and is hauled to and fro by help of two bast ropes.

The dike on which the road was constructed extended in a straight line as far as the eye could reach. The sun rose above the fine mountain-range beyond the Nile. The swarming bird life of Egypt began to stir; there was bustle, and winging this way and that; but all in total silence; no creetching, no singing, no chirping.

Our caravan formed a considerable expedition, Kawasses with bared scimitars, mounted on Arab horses, chased back and forth at breakneck speed, as if a calamity was impending. In the middle of the cavalcade rode the chief of the expedition, the famous Egyptologist Lepsius, with his youthful Jupiter-head framed in white curls, mounted on a splendid donkey with

red plush saddle-cloth, and surrounded by officials from Girgeh. 'Lep Leps,' whispered the natives, wherever he passed; all knew him from his three years' stay down here, just as the scientific world knows him through his work in twelve volumes on his travels and discoveries. His youthful and very tall Swiss colleague, M. Naville, cut a splendid figure on a bloated horse of more than ordinary size that had been sent him from a rich Copt in the neighborhood. Fellaheen shepherds drove their buffaloes away from the dike and out into the canal; others stood immovably at the edge of the road, and stared at us, leaning on their long palm staffs.

After about an hour's ride, we came upon several hundred native, mostly children, who had been driven together from the surrounding villages to repair the road, and especially, to make a dilapidated bridge passable for us. Indeed, it looked pretty rickety, constructed as it was before our eyes, of twigs and mud from the Nile, and of course, without any railings; neither do I believe that I was the only one who felt a certain uneasiness in passing it, mounted on a donkey. However, all went well, and we issued upon a rich, fertile, and well-cultivated plain with newly planted avenues of trees of unusual luxuriance. A hamlet lay snugly to the right of us, surrounded by a ditch in which geese and ducks were swimming about, whilst a party of natives were quenching their thirst and washing their legs, all the while carrying on a friendly morning chat. Somewhat farther away on the plain lies the town of Bardies, whose newly whitened houses half grown over by a marvellous abundance of vegetation, gave it the appearance of an enormous flower-stand. With pleasure should I settle in this spot! The inhabitants, evidently forewarned of our approach, stood along their house walls and garden enclosures, and greeted us politely as we passed. At all cross-roads there were placed guards. Here, all indicated an uncommonly developed social order; to be sure, a great many Copts live in the vicinity.

Again we emerged on a colossal Nile dike, and soon we were riding upon a mole in the middle of some huge bay of the sea. The inundation was, indeed, on the decrease, but still considerable enough to give one a faint idea of what it may be at its height. Here, as well as at other points, one ceases to wonder at the fact that the Nile from year to year discharges into the sea a volume of water five times as great as that of the Danube.

All at once, we observed that our advance guard had come to a halt, and as we behind caught up with them, we stood there packed together without being able to proceed.* For in order to give the inundation free

*Thus far the article is carefully copied out; the remainder exists only in hurried rough draught [note of editors of Ibsen's posthumous works.]

access to the fields, the dike had been pierced for about a hundred yards, and now two Nile barques lay down there, and were making their primitive preparations to ferry us over. It was an indescribable spectacle, full of noise and confusion; every one wanted to be the first in the boats; the horses reared and kicked as they were being cudgelled aboard; the donkeys were literally hurled into the hold; the Europeans swore, and the natives shouted all at once like lunatics. A violent current flowed through the gap in the dike, and the boats were pulled across by help of a weak hawser. On landing, the same pandemonium; now, asses and horses had been shipped across without their riders, now, the riders without their mounts; the drivers of others had remained behind — and there was nothing to do to our long-eared animals, which had forthwith in a gentle trot continued their course on the dike.

After a while the country began to rise, the arable land ceased, and we rode into the desert that extends for miles toward the Western mountains. A solitary Arab hut stood in the sand ocean; a water-trough was placed alongside its wall; it was an ancient sarcophagus. On the roof there stood a dog, and a camel was tethered not far from the house, immovably he stood there, with his back to the sun, his eyes glancing after us as we passed, else not moving an inch.

The desert is not an absolute plain. Here and there it rises in soft billowy lines, and in places the sand is drifted together to sharp crests as the snow is with us. Such tracts, of course, are impracticable, and force one to make a *détour*. But that happens only in exceptional cases, for our guide as a rule knows by instinct what way to take.

Thus we rode on, singly, or in long file; sun and sand trembled together in the heat, as one may imagine a sea of molten metal to do. Our parasols afforded but little protection, and gradually one after the other of our garments was intrusted to the care of our guides. Far away to the south there loomed up some dark hills, and thither all eyes were turned; they were the mounds which millenniums had raised and elevated over ancient Abydos.

As well known, there existed in antiquity several cities with the name of Abydos. At this place, the name originated by a Greek corruption of the Egyptian Ebot; at present, the people in the neighborhood call it Arabat el matfun, 'the buried one.' And buried it is, with a vengeance. Sand dunes drifted up to a height of sixty to eighty feet cover the immense city that is mentioned by ancient authors as the most powerful in Egypt, after Thebes. Once excavated, it will become the Pompeii of Egypt.

Like other Egyptian cities, Abydos seems to have been a necropolis,

a burial city, as well as a city of the living. For here was located the grave of Osiris; and for thousands of years rich Egyptians from the south and the north had their bodies brought to the spot where they might rest with the god and king, and in the ground consecrated by him. Many epitaphs bear testimony to it, to this day, and several of these inscriptions go back as far as the sixteenth dynasty, that is, some thirty-seven hundred years ago.

A creek had carved its bed through the desert, close by the city; we rode on along it, following a miserable strip of grass under sycamores and acacia. The heaps of ruins rose higher and higher, especially on our left hand. Here, Fellaheen were carrying on the grand excavations under the direction of Mariette Bey, head Egyptologist of the Khedive, and ruler absolute over all relics of antiquity in the whole Nile valley. To an outsider, the activity of this man unfolds is a remarkable one.

* * * * *

IBSEN'S 'WHEN WE DEAD AWAKEN'

PROFESSOR TOLLET B. THOMPSON

IN attempting an exposition of Ibsen's 'When We Dead Awaken,' I would not have it assumed that it shall be entirely free from personal bias. The social elements with which it deals are so subtle in their very nature, and the more abstruse parts have been pushed so far beyond the borders of the mould of present day opinion, that to anything like absolute interpretation I wish to present a prompt disclaimer.

And yet in the light of his foregoing plays, particularly his social plays, of which this is properly the Epilogue, sufficient data is forthcoming to lend to interpretation, of the theoretic parts at least, not only an approximate probability but a reasonable sureness of what the author means.

For this reason I must ask your indulgence before proceeding with the Epilogue proper, while I survey briefly some of the later plays preceding it. The purpose shall be to discuss the general plan of architecture and the general principles of truth which serve as a background for his characters.

Ibsen seems to have taken particular fancy to the allegory. It is not only the form of art in which his thoughts move with most ease, but in which he finds his highest conceptions of the beautiful in life. In fact all life is to him an allegory, full of a deeper meaning, using the term 'deeper meaning' to signify the conception of principles of eternal truth. These are the reasons why his dramas always assume the form of allegory.

The painter spreads his ideal conception on the surface of his canvas. The artistic photographer catches his object on the ground glass and transfers it to his plate; but Ibsen, like the sculptor, preserves the original object, the ground-glass image and all in crystal form. If the object, or rather if the group of moving objects is true to life, and if the focus on the general principle at the other end of the frustum is clear cut, we have in the Ibsen drama a piece of art which can be purchased for the price of a book, a form of art which is capable of infinite expansion, while the definiteness of outline may be traced with the point of a pen, and which is perfect, embodying as much thought and feeling as can be crowded into the whole phantasma of moving, talking objects at the base — aside from the general artistic effect.

I have in a previous lecture called attention to the deductive method employed by Ibsen in all his later dramas. He postulates the sovereignty of the individual, the autonomy of the personal will. Disciplining a noble personality is to him the mission of life, because it is the fullest and freest expression of life. It is the major premise upon which his every social drama rests, but which remains unspoken. Much of the so-called mysticism of Ibsen is a failure to appreciate this fact.

And yet there is more which mystifies. Since the days of 'Brand' and 'Peer Gynt' the more analytical dramatist has fixed his camera on portions or phases, subprinciples we might call them, of this general principle, and upon the sharp focus of his ground glass (the only part the unsophisticated reader sees) he delineates and thus contrasts that phase of social life as it is to-day. By adhering uncompromisingly to his postulate he carves his frustum, hewing close to this line, cutting through every tradition and convention in the catalogue, often with philosophic deliberation and without mercy tossing their devotees from the vantage-ground of illusion into ear-deafening tragedy. To this he adds the final touch by polishing the opposite side of his ideal statuary into perfect focus.

Throughout the ten social dramas, beginning with 'The Doll House' Ibsen has been accused of dealing almost exclusively with material speculations. For this reason he has been classified by many as a materialist. This was especially true at the time he wrote the first three of this series. In 'The Doll House' he champions the cause of wife and home, but only to the extent that the wife has equal rights with the husband in the free development of positive or self-assertive character. Through jealousy and custom Helmer has in a certain sense monopolized the environment in which Nora moves. Strictly speaking, he doles out to her from his own resources, environment of such character as will select the wife which most pleases himself. It would seem at first thought as if Ibsen is here striking a blow at human selfishness, but no, he has no disposition to do so. He avoids, possibly repudiates, subtleties of this kind. Indeed, he speaks of the 'true marriage relation,' but only with a view to adjustment of equal rights of the parties and enhancement of mutual respect. He recommends true respectability and mutual appreciation of same, as the fundamental principle of the marriage relation.

True respectability and the capacity for appreciating the same (the latter being in fact one of the qualities on which respectability is conditioned) are in turn based on the larger fundamental principle of the individuality. It is on this two-story principle that his drama is deductively built,—not in the drama proper, but as created in Ibsen's own mind. The reader must through intimacy with Ibsen know this.

In 'Ghosts' Mrs. Alving suffers a natural punishment for her early compromise with this principle. Had Captain Alving's individuality been stronger it would have counterbalanced the weakness of the mother and all this agony have been averted. Nothing further would then have been necessary.

In 'An Enemy of the People' Dr. Stockmann is hissed and stoned by his townsmen, who represent the mob element among the masses. They are moved to action, not by mainsprings within themselves, but by outward suggestion which they are unable to inhibit. The dramatist, however, makes no mention of the 'golden rule' nor of the selfishness of the professional politician and wire puller. These are considerations which do not enter into a consequential treatment of his theme.

In 'The Wild Duck' the dramatist reaches the point of pessimism in his effort to find a dynamic idea among the masses of humanity, the only point in the whole literary career of Ibsen, where his spirits sink to the Schopenhauer mark, for he rises from it in his very next effort. Anything like spiritual considerations, a leaven which can leaven the whole lump, is here out of the question.

In 'Rosmersholm' ideal optimism is again revived. The tragedy at the close is only a part of the artistic embellishment, the only available means of producing the desired effect in Rosmer's mind, and of testifying to the ennobling influence of environment. Whatever may be his theory of love it is evident that the dramatist is not blind to its existence as a social force. Throwing aside all tradition, he places the relation between the sexes on a different plane; the effect is that the field of operation of love as a social force is cleared of artificial resistance. So great is his faith in this social force, whatever may be his theory, that he prefers even its restraining influence to the artificial bonds of society which obtain in an imperfect home. Whether true or false, 'Rosmersholm' may, in a certain sense, be said to be the deepest of Ibsen's social plays up to this time. In dealing with love and selfishness as social forces, he has penetrated more deeply the soul life of the individual whose character he strives to organize about a distinct imminent purpose.

There is no question in my mind but that Ibsen is conscious of a deeper sounding at this point. This may be inferred from the nature of the work which follows, viz., 'The Lady from the Sea.' It has been pronounced mysterious, even more so than 'The Wild Duck.' The reason for this may be and in all probability is that the lead has dropped below the level of the deeper experience of the reader. It is but a repetition of the old adage, 'The hardest thing to understand is one's self,' or a little more exactly, 'of

what the self is capable. Reaching out beyond this understanding is the land of greatest mystery.

Ellida Wangel fears that she is a slave to her matrimonial vows. Her reasons for entertaining this fear are so intangible that her distress has become a pathological weakness. Certain evidence is produced and her fear is removed. The spirit of buoyancy returns. She realizes her marriage is a free and voluntary relationship. It is the ecstasy which ensues always as the eye catches a glimpse of the star of freedom.

It would seem at first thought that instead of following the channel of the 'eternal deep' as the postulate of his philosophy demands, Ibsen had at this point only crossed it, but that would be ignoring the allegory and mistaking the smaller base of the frustum for the larger. Looking through the rejuvenated spirits of Ellida Wangel, we see the eternal principal projected on the larger base of our statuary,— the ecstasy of freedom of the individuality '*uber haupt*,' which is perhaps the fullest realization or fullest consciousness of life, and a powerfully dynamic idea. This ecstasy is only another phase, quality, or attribute of the fundamental principle of the individuality.

The next work is an effort to focus the general principle on a negative character. Hedda Gabler has not the willingness to liberate herself from the bondage of conventional society. She has complete knowledge not only of the bondage in which she is held, but of her lack of spiritual vitality to surmount it. The spiritual dynamic is still wanting. The mainspring within is broken, or we would perhaps better say, 'has atrophied,' has never developed. Hedda Gabler has all the knowledge of the situation, of which Ibsen can conceive. What then may that manifestation of life be which would add the dynamic quality — which would give ambition? Ibsen, the questioner, places his biggest interrogation point at the end of this play. A discovery of this principle would, in fact, in the ultimate, be the remedy which the critics demand of the artist who presumes to square social life and institutions on eternal principles as he conceives.

But though the individual break the bondage of society, there may be other bonds. The eternal principal in the larger projection removes the limited barriers of present-day society, and reveals the larger truth which is constant in whatever formula it enters, the static state of individual inertia where education fails and development ceases because those feelings of soul, mainsprings to action, are wanting.

In 'The Masterbuilder,' the most cheerful and optimistic of his plays, Ibsen projects the large end of his frustum into the future,— the only drama of its kind, omitting the epilogue. Much like the Sphinx, it is a piece of

art where the future seems almost tangible through the medium of the present. Solness, the declining genius, must surrender his post of honor to the youthful Ragnar. But this social fact does not seem to satisfy the needs of the dramatist. It is too much of the nature of a platitude. The phase of the eternal principle, which he beholds in his optimistic mood, brings an image of more color and softness and sharper outline to his ground glass than he finds reflected in social life, even by cutting through tradition and convention, regarding only the laws of truth. And so his imagination carves the symbolic tower, the perilous ascent, and the ecstasy of youth, who will not believe that her masterbuilder cannot climb as high as he himself builds, clapping her hands on the ground at the base. Is it the principle of hope, or of survival of the fittest? It is both. It is more. It is the principle of human progress toward the ideal, including every force and principle, whatever it may be, asserting themselves through the unbiased, unconventionalized mind of youth.

'Little Eyolf,' too, is highly symbolic, but only for artistic effect. The social fact pertaining to the relation between parents and children is reflected from the fundamental principle and brought out sharply without infraction of tradition or convention. The parents realize that they have never owned the affections of their child. But childhood signifies immaturity, underdevelopment; and in a true sense the words are of course synonymous. The principle then pertains to the relation between the more developed individualities and those of the mob or mass.

Ibsen has already in 'Rosmersholm' demonstrated his faith in the ennobling influence of love. In 'Little Eyolf' for the first time he suggests the affinity which should draw the child up toward the man and woman. Solomon speaks of the practicability of condescending to men of low estate, and Jesus Christ laid hold of the principle of universal love as the most potent factor in the salvation of imperfect man. Ibsen, aristocrat though he be in his attitude toward the masses, nevertheless accepts the principle enunciated by Christ and upon this principle focusses the social relations between child and parents which obtain in an imperfect home.

It would seem at first thought as if the general principle is wholly extraneous to that upon which his former plays rest, that the principle of love is in no sense conditioned by the principle of self-assertive individuality. This is, however, only apparent, for love must *per se* be spontaneous. To the extent to which it is, the individual is self-assertive. The injunction, 'Thou shalt love,' etc., cannot be considered. Ibsen's ideal would rather be in accord with the principle: 'There is no fear in love; perfect love casteth out fear.'

In his last work preceding the Epilogue, the general principle in the allegory is the very same. 'John Gabriel Borkmann' represents an individuality of no small proportions. Conscious of this and wanting in the element of love, he becomes disrespectful of others less highly developed. Fancied prerogatives loom up in his mind. He is the modern magnate who justifies himself in abusing his trust, but who is found out. He is the victim of an investigation. His hopes are blasted, his pride wounded for life, because his character has not squared on this principle.

The episode of the wayward son is traceable to a similar cause, and is focussed on the same general principle: love, interpreted as a phase of perfect individuality. The situation is like that in 'Little Eyolf,' except that the element of love is here in the allegory wanting on the side of the masses, although every condition favoring it seems to be present — a point worthy of consideration, because it defines Ibsen's position with reference to the general principle with more exactness. He means to say that although love is conditioned by the individuality of the lover, the reverse is not necessarily true.

Thus far we have noticed that instead of building his drama on his fundamental postulate, he has made certain phases of his postulate such as ecstasy, love, etc., serve as a background. In other words, it is for each and every individual to see to it that the range of the freedom of his love shall not exceed the bounds of his *ideal of perfect individual freedom*.

This brings us to the Epilogue. It was written in 1899 and is the last production of the dramatist. Some of you doubtless remember with what eager anticipation the readers of Ibsen awaited its publication. Many feared that the impaired health and physical decrepitude of the dramatist would not permit of his bringing the final work to a successful finish. In the minds of most of these Ibsen was, and probably is to-day, the mystic of the time. 'When We Dead Awaken' promised them something of a revelation. To some the words meant 'When the clouds of mysticism have cleared away.' Others looked for an elaboration upon the final chapters of the Bible, or an effort at dramatization of Swedenborg's 'Heaven and Hell.' This latter class was disappointed, and the former remained staring in blank astonishment at the closed covers, not knowing whether to laugh or weep.

The general principle from which Ibsen makes his deductions is that which we find in his other dramas and has already been discussed. It is the unbound Prometheus, the individuality asserting itself through every thought and every instinct. The general principle has been reflected back and focussed on the relation between the sexes. For studying this phase

of social life he has again selected for his ground glass a conventional home. Its imperfections are apparent from the moment the curtain rises. The book opens with a sigh. The family consists of an elderly husband, a young wife and no children. The first act passes on a calm summer morning at a bathing establishment on the coast where the surroundings are beautiful. Husband and wife are seated outside the Bath Hotel, have every element of outward comfort, but are mindful of nothing but ennui. The silence seems painful, and Maja (the wife) observes that 'even the noise and bustle of the city seemed to have something dead about it.' Five years of married life has preceded this time, giving ample opportunity for the development of the imperfect static relation between them, of which the reader catches glimpses during the few days of the plot.

But the dramatist has drawn the lines closer. He has selected the home of an artist. Not only that, but it is the home of a true artist. That Ibsen has selected a sculptor as his representative is probably not accidental. His esthetic mind demands definiteness of outline and freedom of expression in every direction. Ideally he, too, is a sculptor. Reflecting this back on the general principle in the allegory we see the individuality asserting itself through the sense of the beautiful. The artist, more or less symbolically, represents the esthetic sense as a social force, much in the same way as the tower in 'The Masterbuilder' represents the aspirations of youth as a social force.

But this esthetic sense has degenerated among the generality into convention. No longer individualistic, it does not square (focus) on the general principle. From the standpoint of the artist, therefore, there is among the masses for want of individuality with reference to ideal beauty, for want of spirituality in this sense of the word, a semblance of deadness.

Professor Rubek says: 'Do you know how it affects me when I look at the life of the people around us here? It makes me think of the night we spent in the train coming up here. The train stopped at the little stations, although there was nothing doing — no one got out or in, but all the same the train stopped a long endless time. At every station there were two railway men walking up and down the platform — one had a lantern in his hand and they said things to each other in the night, low and toneless and meaningless,' — platitudes and spiritless conversation resulting from undeveloped spirituality. In dealing with them socially the artist simply marks time. The lantern, the little esthetic light (spirituality) they enjoy, but niggardly serves their purpose of social activity.

Professor Rubek voices Ibsen's position more plainly when he replies

to Maja, who has remarked that *all the world* knows his work, 'The Resurrection,' is a masterpiece. He says, 'All the world knows nothing! Understands nothing!' Maja replies, 'Well, at any rate it can divine something.' Rubek adds, 'Something that isn't there at all, yes. Something that never was in my mind. Ah, yes, *that* they can all go into ecstasies over. (*Growling to himself.*) What is the good of working oneself to death for the mob and the masses—for "all the world"! Meaning to say that the ideal beauty is so far beyond the conception of the mob and masses that it seems useless to try to inculcate it. The world can never become a world of artists; therefore ideal beauty can never become a convention.

What, then, is the so-called conventional beauty? I shall quote the words of Rubek: 'There is something equivocal, something cryptic, lurking in and behind these busts' [speaking of the portrait busts which he has been making to order, and which sell for a good price since the time he produced his masterpiece, known as 'The Resurrection Day'], 'a secret something lurking behind these busts, that the people themselves cannot see. I alone can see it and it amuses me unspeakably. On the surface I give them the "striking likeness," as they call it, that they all stand and gape at in astonishment—(*lowers his voice*), but at bottom they are all respectable, pompous horse faces and self-opinionated donkey muzzles, and lop-eared, low-browed dog skulls, and fatted swine-snouts—and sometimes dull, brutal bull fronts as well.'

Maja (who is still a child with reference to all this, replies indifferently, 'All the dear domestic animals, in fact.'

Professor Rubek: 'Simply the dear domestic animals, Maja. All the animals which men have bedeviled in their own image—and which have bedeviled men in return.' Men have established the conventions from their own image; i.e., from their undeveloped sense of the beautiful, and in turn the conventions have bedeviled men by destroying their individuality and hence their development. They have, therefore, remained animals with reference to the beautiful.

With reference to the social esthetic standard, whatever its nature, Ibsen is for this reason an avowed iconoclast. Popular judgment with reference to the beauty of institutions, 'niceness' of private character, etc., conventionalized into ethical code, is to him contemptible, for it is inimical to spiritual development.

More exactly, then, it is social institutions and social judgment of niceness of private character, restricted to the relation between the sexes, demonstrated within this imperfect home; and the gradual development of relations between them and two of the opposite sex outside this home, which

represents the special phases of social life upon which is focussed the general principle in the allegory. The two outside relations are those between the artist and Irene on the one hand, and between Maja and Ulfheim on the other. Notice, then, that in the same way as *ecstasy of freedom* in 'The Lady from the Sea,' *love* in 'Little Eyolf' and 'John Gabriel Borkman,' the *aspirations of youth* in 'The Masterbuilder,' are the basic ideas of these plays. In a similar way this play, 'When We Dead Awaken,' is built on another phase of the general principle: viz. the perfect individual freedom asserting itself through the esthetic sense with reference to the relation between the sexes.

The early development of the relation between Professor Rubek and Irene dates back to a time preceding his marriage with Maja. Irene had served as his model; thus through her instrumentality had he been able to produce his masterpiece, 'The Resurrection Day.' It was a work of true art, carved out of his own soul and immortalized in the marble block. It was to embody the pure woman as they saw her awakening on the Resurrection Day, 'not marveling at anything new and unknown and undivined, but filled with a sacred joy at finding herself unchanged — she the woman of earth — in the higher, freer, happier region — after the long, dreamless sleep of death.'

And the artist's conception of the pure woman was also Irene's conception. It was a common work, carried out according to a common plan. She called it 'our child.' Not only that, but Irene *was* for the time that pure woman. Rubek says to Irene: 'Then I found *you*. You were what I required in every respect. And you consented so willingly — so gladly. You renounced home and kindred and went with me.'

Irene says, 'To go with you meant for me the resurrection of my childhood.'

Rubek replies, 'That is just why I found in you all that I required — in you as in no one else . . . in your image I fashioned her, Irene.'

Convention had been thrown aside. There was absolute freedom of thought and operation. In this *state of mind* the artist was the creator of his masterpiece.

Irene disappeared mysteriously. Several years have passed, during which time Rubek has entered into marriage relation with Maja. It is this morning outside the Bath Hotel that he accidentally meets Irene again.

Both have changed. Since the day the masterpiece was finished, and Irene left him, each has realized a loss of spirituality (in the sense in which I used it before). Rubek has been unable to open the casket where all his sculptor's visions are stored up; and Irene speaks of her loss in referring to the days of ecstasy, when they worked together. She says:

'You have forgotten the most precious gift. I gave you my young living soul. And that gift left me empty within — soulless.' (*Looking at him with a fixed stare, she adds*): 'it was *that* I died of, Arnold.'

Professor Rubek has indeed made efforts to regain the heights. Mindful of his condition, but not knowing what course to pursue, he has resorted to experiment. He says to Maja:

'All the talk about the artist's vocation and the artist's mission, and so forth, began to strike me as being very empty and hollow and meaningless at bottom.'

Maja asks: 'What would you then put in its place?'

Rubek answers: 'Life, Maja. Yes, is not life in sunshine and in beauty a hundred times better worth while than to hang about to the end of your days in a raw, damp hole, and wear yourself out in a perpetual struggle with lumps of clay and blocks of stone? . . . I live at such high speed, Maja. We live so, we artists. I, for my part, have lived through a whole lifetime in the few years we two have known each other. I have come to realize that I am not at all adapted for seeking happiness in indolent enjoyment. Life does not shape itself that way for me and those like me. I must go on working — producing one work after another — right up to my last day.'

But he finds himself unable to produce works. He needs a fetish.

'What I now feel so keenly, that I require, is to have some one about me who stands really and absolutely close to me. . . . What I need is the companionship of another person who can, as it were, complete me — supply what is wanting in me — be *one* with me in all my striving.' This thought strikes him after again meeting Irene. He believes that she is the only person who can do this; that she, alone, has a key to his casket of visions, the lock of which had snapped to when she disappeared.

With Irene, however, it was different. She has made a much greater effort to regain the heights. Being the stronger personality of the two, she realized with crushing disappointment on the day their work was finished, that the man whom she had loved and served was a slave. She had renounced home and friends, society and all to follow him, because he had come into her life with a greater happiness than this. She saw in him the well-rounded individuality, and he had lifted her up to himself. She had, like him, experienced the ecstasy of spiritual freedom. Now she learned that the individuality of the man was bound by the conventionality of the artist. Was the ecstasy of freedom to be only temporary? Was this to be only a play and not the open channel through which should surge the 'eternal deep' of life? Does he ask her to return with him to bondage after experiencing what he termed a 'priceless episode'? Little he understands

the pure woman, resurrected as she herself testifies, 'from childhood,' marveling at nothing new, unknown, or undivined; but filled with a sacred joy at finding herself unchanged — she a woman of *earth* in the higher, freer, happier region — who had served as his model! She decides to leave him. She would ever remain free. Material wealth may pour in upon them, but she will not and cannot live by bread alone.

But she finds the world no better elsewhere. Nowhere does she find her counterpart — the man of spirituality for which her soul yearns. She gradually loses her own spirituality, unable to eat the spiritual food of lower levels, and at last becomes wholly materialistic. *Her soul is dead.* The animal only remains. With the distraction of a lunatic she recalls 'the day of days' and poses on the turntable in variety shows, and as naked statue in living pictures. She murders her husbands and babes, and turns the heads of all sorts of men, observing with a touch of scorn as she tells him this, that that was more than she could do with the man whom she had loved and to whom she had given her young, living soul. The blank, lifeless stare and rigid mechanical gait, which we now behold, tell something of the conflict of desperation, which has shattered her faculties and which forms most of the background of the plot.

With regard to the perfect individuality asserting itself through the sexual instinct, Ibsen takes a definite stand. He holds that it is the desire, and therefore the right of *every* true woman to bear children. Irene expresses this after her bitter invective against the artist, by saying:

'But *I* was a *human being*, then. And I, too, had a *life to live* — a human destiny to fulfil. And all that, look you, I let slip — gave it all up in order to make myself your bondwoman. Oh, it was a suicide — a deadly sin against myself! (*Half whispering.*) And that sin I can never expiate!'

She seats herself near him, and with apparent self-control says:

'I should have borne children into the world — many children — real children — not such children as are hidden away in grave vaults. That was my vocation. I ought never to have served you — poet.'

When Irene discovers that Rubek is unhappy in his relations with Maja, it brings an almost imperceptible smile to her lips. It is a ray of hope once more bursting the icy barrier.

It is interesting to observe the manner in which Ibsen again varies his method to suit his artistic caprice. Realist though he be in the selection of subject matter and its relation to life, to general principles of truth, yet within the sphere of art he is still a romanticist. The old school enhanced the much sought 'illusion,' by introducing the play into the play and by telescoping quotation within quotation. Ibsen's stunt is to carve the

allegory within the allegory, focussing the smaller ground glass on the same general principle only on a different phase. Although the demented Irene is a principal part of the main allegory, yet in parts of the play Ibsen lets her speak in allegory, whether she realizes it or not; for instance, where she speaks of her death and her burial in the grave vault.

And again at this point, when Irene has asked Rubek where he intends to go with Maja, and he replies, 'Oh, on a tedious coasting voyage up North,' she grasps the opportunity to drift into allegory. She says: 'You should rather go high up into the mountains. As high up as ever you can. Higher, higher — always higher, Arnold.' Rubek does not perceive the allegory and with eager expectation asks: 'Are you going up there?' In fact, the plot is so arranged that the allegory must be carried out literally in order that it may succeed allegorically. To be more explicit, they must climb the mountain literally in order that they may also climb the spiritual mount from which they have fallen or toward which they strive. And so the last two acts are *allegorical* and they are *not allegorical*; they are both. Our frustum has become kaleidoscopic when viewed through the smaller ground glass. Now you see the allegory, and now you don't.

Irene asks: 'Have you the courage to meet me once again'? (Allegorically, she means the pure woman, the character with the indomitable will.)

Rubek (*struggling with himself uncertainly*) replies: 'If we could — oh, if only we could!'

Irene asks: 'Why can we not do what we will?' (She asks Ibsen's vital question.) She looks at him and whispers beseechingly with folded hands: 'Come, come, Arnold! Oh, come up to me!'

After Maja's interruption Rubek asks: 'Shall we meet up there then?' Irene rises slowly. She answers: 'Yes, we shall certainly meet. I have sought for you so long.'

It is at this point in the drama that the Sister of Mercy is introduced, and I shall refer to her here, for she is a part of the same general allegory with Rubek and Irene, which is directly concerned with the relation between the sexes. Generally speaking, she represents the public eye, or more exactly what sociologists are pleased to call 'social control'; but that Ibsen has here focussed on a particular phase of this control, on a particular institution within society, is suggested by the black dress and the silver cross which she wears.

Irene says: 'You may be sure that she can keep close watch on me wherever I may go. She never loses sight of me — (*whispering*) until one fine morning I shall kill her.'

Rubek asks: 'Why would you do that?'

Irene: 'Because she deals in witchcraft. Only think, Arnold, she has changed herself into my shadow!' (Probably the popular notion that the Church and all that goes with it is in some way inseparably related to the individual soul.)

Rubek (tries to calm her): 'Well, well, well,—a shadow we must all have.'

Irene: 'I am my own shadow.' (She repudiates the idea.) With an outburst: 'Do you understand that?'

Rubek answers sadly: 'Yes, yes, Irene, I understand it.'

From the conversation which follows, it is seen that he *does* understand. He has the same vision of the spiritual height as Irene; he is still the artist, but he is not the *man*, because he hasn't the courage to climb into its possession.

To express this subtlety, Ibsen has resorted to a unique experiment. *Rubek* had changed the Masterpiece slightly, after Irene had left him, so that it might express his own conception of life. As he describes the slight alterations which he has made, he presents the spiritual side of the artist to the reader in lines which are clear cut.

Irene: 'My whole soul — you and I — we, we, we and our child were in that solitary figure.'

Rubek (*drying the drops of sweat upon his brow*): Yes, but let me tell you too how I have placed *myself* in the group.

He has just told how he has enlarged the pedestal, and on it 'placed a segment of the curving, bursting earth. And up from the fissures of the soil warm men and women with dimly suggested animal faces.' The statue has been moved a little back so that it is 'not quite in the foreground,' and the joy in the light which transfigures its face has been a little subdued, as he says his altered idea required.

'In front, beside a fountain, sits a man weighed down with guilt, who cannot quite free himself from the earth crust. I call him remorse for a ruined life. He sits there and dips his fingers in the purling stream — to wash them clean — and he is gnawed and tortured by the thought that never, never will he succeed. Never in all eternity will he attain to freedom and the new life. He will remain forever prisoned in his hell.'

Irene: Poet!

Rubek: Why poet?

Irene: Because you are nervous and sluggish and full of forgiveness for all the sins of your life, in thought and in act. You have killed my soul — you model yourself in remorse and self accusation and penance — and with that you think your account is cleared.

Rubek: I am an artist, Irene, and I take no shame to myself for the frailties that perhaps cling to me. For I was *born* to be an artist, you see. And do what I may I shall never be anything else. . . .

Irene: You are a poet, Arnold (*strokes his hair*), you dear, great middle-aged child, that you cannot see *that*. . . . There is something apologetic in the word, that suggests forgiveness of sins, and spreads a cloak over all frailty.

But in sharp contradistinction she adds with a sudden change of tone 'But I was a human being — *then*.' *Now she, too, has lost courage*. When Rubek asks: 'Should you not like to come and live with us in the villa?' Irene looks at him with a scornful smile and asks: 'With you — and the other woman?'

Rubek (urgently): With me — as in our days of creation. You could open up all that is locked within me.

Irene (shaking her head): I have no longer the key to you, Arnold.

But Rubek insists: 'You have the key! You and you alone have it (*Beseechingly*). Help me — that I may be able to live my life over again.'

Irene (immovable as before): Empty dreams! Idle, dead dreams! For our life there is no resurrection!

Rubek (curtly breaking off): Then let us go on playing. [*They are strewn leaves and petals in the brook — an allegory of life as they see it about them and as they themselves have lived it.*]

Irene: Yes, playing, playing — only playing!

After Maja has left them to spend the summer night on the upland Professor Rubek falls into reflection. The thought suggests to him the mistake of his life as he now sees it. The same thought flashes upon Irene. There is a wild expression in her eyes as she invites him to a last assertion of self and convention-breaking *test*. He is caught up in the ecstasy.

Irene is, however, aware that a face is staring at her. It is the Sister of Mercy. They appoint an hour for meeting that night on the upland. *The resolution having been formed, they have in fact already attained the spiritual state*. As their eyes meet, Rubek exclaims: 'Oh, Irene — *that* might have been our life! And that we have forfeited — we two.'

Irene says: 'We see the irretrievable only when' — Professor Rubek looks inquiringly at her and asks: 'When?' Irene's answer is: '*When we dead awaken*.' Professor Rubek shakes his head mournfully. 'What do we see *then*?' Irene answers: 'We see that we have never lived.'

A few lines of the third act speedily bring the main plot to a climax and close. As Rubek and Irene climb the mountain heights of freedom, they are destroyed by the elements. It is evident that this catastrophe is intended

only for artistic effect. It is the only conceivable thing that could completely sever the conventional ties which held them bound, and thus complete the allegory. As for the rest, they had *already* climbed 'through all the mists, and right up to the summit of the tower that shines in the sunrise.'

I shall deal briefly with the two remaining characters. Maja has already been mentioned as a young wife who is tired of her home. She and Rubek are in no sense congenial. His artistic temperament finds no response in her soul. She has never been able to climb the high mountain and see the glories of the world, which he in their days of courtship had promised to show her.

As for Ulfheim, his saga need only be short: he is the most undeveloped, the coarsest and most brutal man which Ibsen has been able to present. Maja is nevertheless attracted toward him, fascinated by his very coarseness.

The underplot, if such it may be called, serves a very definite purpose, aside from relieving the strain or filling in parts. It presents a situation very like the other, and in this way serves as a parallel support for the main plot — a sort of secondary rainbow, which has the effect of 'setting the other off,' giving it greater prominence.

Why did Ibsen select a character like Ulfheim? The reason is evident. To secure from the woman side the sharpest possible focus on the sexual relations in the underplot, he needed an extreme type of virility, and has therefore magnified it to its maximum by isolating it from every other amiable quality. Within the atmosphere of this animal 'homo,' Ibsen then introduces Maja, much as an electrician would a galvanometer, for the purpose of studying the subtler phenomena of woman nature.

Of this representative of woman nature it may be said, too, that she represents nothing else. She is not only undeveloped in the art of sculpture, but is quite as undeveloped intellectually. When Professor Rubek says, chidingly: 'You have no clear idea of the inner workings of an artist's nature,' Maja shakes her head and replies: 'Good heavens! I haven't even a clear idea of the inner workings of my *own* nature.'

But this childlike innocence, which differentiates her so widely from Irene, in this instance fully compensates for the underdevelopment of her personality. Whereas Irene's assertion of self develops by the natural selection of the convention of her environment into iconoclasm, Maja arrives on the same working basis through her very ignorance of the ethics of convention. When Rubek declares that he cannot get on any longer with her alone, she asks: 'Does that mean in plain language that you have grown tired of me?'

Rubek bursts forth: 'Yes, that is what it means! I have grown tired — intolerably tired and fretted and unstrung — in this life with you! Now you know it. (*Controlling himself.*) These are hard, ugly words I am using. I know that very well. You are not all at to blame in this matter — that I willingly admit. It is simply and solely I myself, who have once more undergone a revolution (*half to himself*) — an awakening to my real life.' Maja involuntarily folds her hands and says: 'Why in all the world should we not part then?'

When Ulfheim invites 'the little lady' to 'come up with him to the mountains to hunt the bear — away, clean away from the trail and taint of men,' Ibsen sharpens the parallelism of focus uniquely by letting the Sister of Mercy cross the ground between the buildings at the rear. Ulfheim's comic remarks, as he follows her with his eyes, establishes his freedom from every manner of conventional bond, in the mind of the reader, beyond the peradventure of a doubt.

But, although Maja is ignorant of the ethics of conventionality, in the sense that her spirituality has not been moulded by them, or as Ibsen would say, 'bound,' she nevertheless feels their pressure on her life as we have already seen. She has begun to yearn for freedom from outward restraint because the restraint is painful. She wants this freedom for herself and others. When Rubek speaks to her of Irene and his casket of visions, Maja looks innocently at him and says:

'My dear Rubek — do you think it's worth while making all this fuss and commotion about so simple a matter?'

Rubek asks: 'Do you think this matter is so absolutely simple?'

Maja answers: 'Yes, certainly I think so. Do you attach yourself to whomever you most require. (*Nods to him.*) I shall always manage to find a place for myself — in our great house, there must surely, with a little good will, be room enough for three.

Rubek asks (*Uncertainly*): 'And do you think that would work in the long run?'

Maja (*in a light tone*): 'Very well, then — if it won't work, it won't. It is no good talking about it.'

Rubek asks: 'And what shall we do then, Maja — if it does not work?'

Maja (*untroubled*): 'Then we two will simply get out of each other's way — part entirely. I shall always find something new for myself, here or there in the world. Something free! Free! Free! No need to be anxious about that, Professor Rubek!

But when the freedom from the outward restraint which chafes her is

obtained, the conception of spiritual freedom gradually grows into consciousness. As she and Ulfheim in hunting costumes are crossing the upland, she sees Rubek and Irene by the brook and calls out: 'Good night, Professor! Dream of me. Now I'm going off on my adventures!' Rubek calls her back and asks: 'What is to be the object of this adventure?'

Maja (approaching): I am going to put *life* in place of all the rest.

Rubek (mockingly): Aha! so you, too, are going to do that, little Maja?

Maja: Yes, and I've made a verse about it, and this is how it goes: (*and she sings triumphantly.*)

I am free! I am free! I am free!

No more life in the prison for me!

I am free as a bird! I am free!

For I believe I have awakened now — at last. (*Drawing a deep breath.*)
Oh, how divinely light one feels on waking!

And it is this spiritual self which asserts itself at the close of the last act when Maja sees for the first time, through the medium of her freedom, that the bear-hunter, whose alluring stories of life on the mountains had fired her imagination, is a fawn whose goat-legs repel her womanly instinct. Her viewpoint had changed. But she has reached the spiritual heights nevertheless. Her song of freedom sounds triumphant from the depths below the thundering roar of the avalanche.

I want to repeat that my purpose has been to discuss Ibsen's 'When We Dead Awaken' in order to discover where Ibsen stands and what he really means, with reference to this important phase of social life: i.e., the need of a perfect individual freedom, spiritually free.

JOSÉ ECHEGARAY

BY NORA ARCHIBALD SMITH

IF, as Bernard Shaw says, the theater is a place which people can endure only when they forget themselves: that is, when their attention is entirely captured, their interest thoroughly aroused, their sympathies raised to the eagerest readiness, and their selfishness utterly annihilated, then the plays which will produce these hypnotic effects must indeed be of a high order of merit.

Not only must the order of merit be high, but it must, it would seem, be progressively adapted to advancing years. The attention of the playgoer of eighteen summers may easily be captured, and his sympathies roused by a drama which to one twice his age is shallow in sentiment, false in motive and poor and weak in rhetoric. The eye grown too dim to see the rouge on the actor's cheek yet has a doubled spirit vision and can pierce to realities of life through stage illusions.

There was a time when everything about the theater to me did seem appared in celestial light. No play could bore me, be it what it would, no situation leave me coldly critical, no appeal to my emotions fail to touch. Alas, these things which once I saw I now see no more, but not, I believe, because my feelings are atrophied, but because they can no longer be reached by the cheap or trivial and require a stronger power to set them in motion. The force that turns the windmill is a greater thing by far than that which moves the pinwheel of the child, but it is not because the works have rusted that the mill cannot whirl with every passing breeze.

When I, therefore, a devoted playgoer, and the seventh daughter of the seventh daughter of a devoted playgoer, find in the dramas of José Echegaray an absorbing interest, I am forced to conclude that this interest will be found to have a substantial basis, if I but require of myself what that basis may be. It is to be remembered, too, that I have *read* the plays, not seen them acted, and that they are, therefore, much less effective, presumably than they would be if the fire of personality shone through their framework.

The fact that these dramas and dramatic studies are written in a noble language, used, for the most part, as nobly as it deserves, might serve perhaps to blind the eyes to some of their imperfections, but if we pierce behind this glowing color we shall find the forms upon which it is laid well worthy our attention. There is a profound idealism about the dramas, a lofty

impatience of conventional moral standards, an intense conviction of the inherent relations of sin and retribution, a stern and rugged grandeur which remind one of Victor Hugo, to whom Echegaray is, in fact, often likened by the Spanish critics.

Echegaray is counted among the modern dramatists, though to one familiar with the plays performed upon the American and British stage to-day, he can scarcely be called 'palpitating with modernity,' as the phrase is. Yet the word 'modern' is and must be a movable term; you can 'feel it slide' like the far-famed 'Nottahook' to be bought at the motion counters. It was only the other day that the Wagnerian music idea was appallingly modern, and lo, but a few years have passed, and we have assimilated Wagner and are painfully stretching up to Strauss' cacophonies, — the last word in the music of to-day.

José Echegaray, however, is absolutely a 'modern' in his close connection with the life and ideals of his country and his day. Born in Madrid, in 1832, his school and university education were given in Murcia, where he took the degree of Bachelor of Arts. He had always shown a marked aptitude for the exact sciences, and at the completion of his university career returned to Madrid, where he entered the School of Engineers. His work in this institution was so distinguished that upon receipt of his diploma he early found employment in the provinces of Spain, gaining in his travels a valuable knowledge of his fellow-countrymen in various walks of life. He was later recalled to the School of Engineers in recognition of distinction in his profession, and for ten years, until 1868, held in rapid succession the chairs of Mechanics, Pure and Applied Mathematics, and Stereometry. An unusual training for a playwright, one would say, but surely one of equally unusual value. The imagination that can visualize the workings of an intricate machine, or create a cantilever bridge, can equally be trusted to construct a mental picture of the movements of the human heart, should its interest turn in that direction, and he who has soared into the empyrean by pure mathematics and learned the flawless justice of their relations, remains forever penetrated with a sense of their parallelism in the world of ethics.

Echegaray gained admission to the Academy of National Sciences in 1866, and during the following years found opportunity to study every branch of literature, including that of the drama, both native and foreign. He even found leisure for the study of political economy, and qualified himself still further as a 'modern' by becoming an enthusiastic advocate of free trade, both on the platform and in the press. It must not be forgotten also, that he was by this time a trained writer on scientific subjects, and had published

two volumes of great value in this line,— ‘ Problems in Analytical Geometry ’ (1865) and ‘ Modern Theories of Physics ’ (1866).

But the time was coming when he was to follow in the footsteps of many of his illustrious predecessors in the Spanish drama, and begin to take an active part in the government of his country. In the revolution of 1868 which the exiled Castelar returned to foment, Echegaray was actively interested, and taking office under the provisional government became first director of public works and then minister of commerce. He was continued in this position and subsequently given that of minister of the treasury, even when Amedeus of Savoy was called to the throne, in 1871, but relinquished it two years later, when Castelar created his short-lived republic.

Then came the last metamorphosis in this vivid career — mathematician, politician, politico-economist, revolutionist,— and finally, as he left his native country and retired to Paris,— dramatist! His first play, ‘ The Check Book ’ (*El Libro Talonario*), a domestic comedy in one act, was written in Paris, and though read by and offered to a well-known actress there, does not seem to have excited great emotion in her breast. It was produced in Madrid, however, in 1874, the year after Alfonso XII was placed upon the throne of Spain, and when its author had returned to his own country and had again been appointed minister of the treasury. ‘ *El Libro Talonario* ’ was produced, not under Echegaray’s own name, but under an anagram — Jorge Hayaseca — lest perhaps the dignity of a cabinet minister be sullied by dramatic failure, but so evident was its authorship that Campoamor, the veteran poet and politician, long the *doyen* of Spanish men of letters, had hardly read twenty of its lines when he pointed out its writer.

From this time Echegaray threw off the greater portion of the weights of mathematics, political economy, and politics, which had lain upon his shoulders, reserving only such portions as might be useful in his future work, and began to run the race of the playwright, having produced more than sixty plays in the last twenty-five years.

Echegaray entered upon the dramatic arena at a critical time, when the political disorder and disturbance which followed the revolution of 1868 were paralleled by similar disorder and disturbance upon the stage. The Spanish drama, in its golden age perhaps without a peer in Europe (and for generations afterwards the cynosure of other nations), had thrown off the fetters of French classicism at the beginning of the century, but, weakened by its long slavery, feebly groped for a leader. Echegaray appeared at the right moment, and again peopled the stage ‘ with noble and heroic figures

in whom the chivalric spirit of the Middle Ages'—and this gives the fillip to the modern taste — 'is strangely joined to the casuistries of the modern conscience.'

Echegaray's first great dramatic triumph was 'The Wife of the Avenger,' which somewhat lurid title, over-suggestive of Calabria and the 'Black Hand,' gives no idea of the tragic beauty of the play. The pair of lovers, Carlos and Aurora, are as exquisitely young and as passionately enamored with a love that breathes of nightingales and roses and moonlit gardens as ever were Romeo and Juliet, and the resemblance is heightened by the feud which exists between their respective families, a feud raised to the nth power in the Spanish play by the fact that Aurora's father has fallen victim to the avenging sword of the father of Carlos, and that the youth himself has come to Barcelona to wipe out the wrong in blood.

Carlos's love for Aurora is one of first sight, again like Verona's most unhappy pair, and how Spanish, how young, how gallant and chivalric is the passage wherein he relates his first meeting with his love, of whose identity he is still ignorant.

The entire atmosphere of this play is one of romance. The author shows in this, his first success, as in all the subsequent plays, that whatever his achievements in the weighty branches of learning, he is at heart a lover and a Spaniard, for the two terms are synonymous. Never language so made for love-making in the softness of its fall, its thrilling change, which English has so long abandoned, from the formal you to the tender thou as passion deepens, its poetic terms of endearment, its lyric swing and chanted syllables. Add to this the easily awakened ardor, the impetuosity, the romantic fervor of the wooer who uses such a tongue to press his suit, and we shall not wonder that Romeo and Juliet (our two best known exemplars of the romantic love of youth) were Spaniards before, through age-long metamorphosis, they trod Verona's streets. Yet "The Wife of the Avenger" has no single point of similarity to Shakespeare's immortal drama, save those I have already mentioned, and the blindness of its heroine after the first act, and the tragic connection of this affliction with the illuminated Christ figure, first shadowed forth in the murder in the square, later deepened into blackest tragedy in the parental mansion, are used for marvelously touching and dramatic purposes.

The titles of Echegaray's plays following his first great success will show something of their scope and character. These are, 'The Last Night,' 'At the Point of the Sword,' 'Beginning and End,' — this last, by the way, one of his most popular tragedies; and next, in 1877, an extraordinary production, 'Saint or Madman,' or, as it is sometimes phrased, 'Folly or Saintliness.' With the appearance of this tragedy which has been translated into

English, Swedish, Italian, and French, Echegaray's rank as a playwright was settled, and it was recognized that a new star had been added to Spain's already brilliant dramatic galaxy.

The passage from *Don Quixote* which the hero, Don Lorenzo, is reading when the play opens, gives the keynote of the drama and foreshadows the inevitable tragedy of its close.

'The mercies of God, my niece,' said the Knight of La Mancha, 'and those which in this case He has granted me, in spite of all my sins. My judgment is free and clear at this moment, unsullied by the stains of false belief which lay upon it during my bitter and long-continued reading of the detestable books of knight errantry. I know now all their folly, and I regret nothing save that my undeceiving came so late that I shall now scarcely have time to peruse other works that shall give light unto my soul. I feel myself at the point of death, my niece; would that I might pass away in such manner that the world might know that my life has not been so worthless that my only renown should be that of madman: for although I may indeed have been a victim of madness, yet would I not confirm the opinion by the manner of my death.'

'Madness!' muses Don Lorenzo, as he reads this passage, 'madness to struggle for justice without truce and without rest in the bitter battle of this world, as the immortal hero of Cervantes struggled in the world of his imaginations. Madness! to love divine beauty with infinite love, without hope of possession, as he adored the Dulcinea of his passionate desire. Madness! the soul's quest of the ideal o'er the rough and rocky road of life's realities, snatching at the stars of heaven from the dizzy height of some far mountain peak! Madness indeed it may be, or so affirm the doctors, but a harmless madness, and one little likely to prove contagious — Mad? the hero, Cervantes, mad? — indeed it may be, after all. He who listens to naught but the voice of duty on his path of life; he who, dominating his passions, silencing his natural affections, without other guide than justice or other pattern than truth, to Truth and Justice accommodates all his actions and aspires to be as perfect as God in heaven is perfect . . . how strange such a being would appear in human society, — a new Don Quixote among a host of Sanchos! — and how they all, gentle and simple, knight and rustic, Moor and Christian, with one voice would declare him mad, and mad he might believe himself, or at least feign to be so, that at least the might let him die in peace!'

Don Lorenzo, saint or madman, as you choose to consider him, is one of the old-fashioned stage cuckoos who have been foisted into far more luxurious nests than are theirs by right, the real mother (and actual nurse

agreeing with the pretended mother to keep secret the child's identity. So far the plot dates back to the time when dramatic entertainments were given on those rainy evenings in the ark, but the way in which the secret is regarded when it is finally uncovered is of immense dramatic interest and power. Don Lorenzo is a man of great wealth, he has a devoted wife and an exquisite daughter, to both of whom he is passionately attached and in whom he believes as ideal in purity and goodness. When, at the point of death, the old nurse, long lost in obscurity, returns to avow her motherhood and to die in her son's arms, he is dashed at once from his pinnacle of greatness, and lies in the dust, a cheat, an usurper, almost a thief,—nameless, landless, and homeless. He whose search for truth that he may follow her has been lifelong, knows nothing, sees nothing save to reveal himself to the world and give up all that he has. The angelic daughter romantically in love with a young nobleman sees her whole future shattered into a thousand fragments, and her inheritance forfeited, should her real parentage be known, and the devoted wife loses name, home, maintenance, position, perhaps even her daughter's life, if Don Lorenzo publishes his secret. When through his wife's importunities he finally discovers the attitude not only of his friends but of those dearest to him, in regard to the disclosure,—that since there is no other heir to the name and fortune, no other claimant to the lands, he may well be silent and remain an imposter for the sake of his family,—he gives vent to a burst of noble fury: 'Then virtue is but a lie,' he thunders, 'then you, the beings whom I loved best in all the world because in you I saw divinity, are miserable egotists, abhorring sacrifice, rotten with greed, playthings of passion, then you are but earth, after all, miserable earth! If you be earth, then, resolve yourselves into dust, and may the whirlwind and the storm sweep us all away into the blackness of eternity.'

The moral problem of the play, if not difficult to solve when studied on the heights of pure ethics, is an appalling one to set before dwellers on the plains of every-day life and the whirlwinds of desire, of egotism, of self-seeking, of ambition, of passion, of avarice, of cowardice, beat upon the tragic figure of Don Lorenzo wherever he turns. The wife, a well-drawn figure of shallow, conventional womanhood, sees naught but sound and fury in her husband's words, naught but a desire to elevate himself upon a moral pedestal in his proposed actions, and is so firmly convinced (or wishes to appear so), of the madness of his methods of reasoning, that she is willing, with the co-operation of the family physician, to declare him mad and request an investigation into his mental condition.

We leave him struggling in the arms of his keepers, but though we are still uncertain as to whether his reason has really given way, or whether he

is willing to accept death in life as the only way out of the difficulty, will gladly grant to him, sane or insane, the crown of saint and martyr.

It will be impossible, of course, in a brief article to discuss even a small number of Echegaray's plays, so I shall confine myself to the four which have most appealed to me,—three of them the most popular and best-known perhaps, outside of Spain,—viz., 'The Wife of the Avenger,' 'Saint and Madman,' 'Mariana,' and 'The Great Galeoto.'

'The Son of Don Juan,' an extraordinary production, inspired, so the dramatist tells us, by his reading of Ibsen's 'Ghosts,' might well form the subject of a separate essay, and much more might his great moral trilogy, 'Beginning and End' (1876), 'What Cannot be Told' (1877), and 'The Two Curiosity Mongers' (1882), written, so he says, to show how one evil deed engenders another, not only destroying the moral sense of the individual but its consequences descending upon the children, even unto the third and fourth generation.

The unrelieved gloom of Echegaray's tragedies has frequently been criticised, though it is difficult to see how one may deal with such themes and yet use a tripping measure. He can, if he chooses, write in a somewhat lighter vein, however. Witness his comic caprice (as he calls it), 'An Embryo Critic' (*un Crítico Incipiente*), while in 'Mariana' he has produced a well-rounded drama with at least two characters which give scope for the play of wit and sarcasm. The part of 'Mariana,' the young, fabulously rich, and beautiful widow, including in its scope, as the author says, everything from light drawing-room coquetry to profound sentiment and the heights of tragedy, would be an absorbing one for any actress, and the piece, first produced in 1892, was for some time in the repertory of Mrs. Patrick Campbell and played by her in this country.

This is another dramatic work of tremendous import, another dealing with the ultimate retribution of sin and the fiery wake of consequences that stream after it as it makes its lurid way across the skies of the soul.

The characters in the tragedy, Mariana herself,—the widow of an unknown husband, to whom she has been married by proxy,—her two lovers, the young Daniel and the elderly General; her noble guardian and protector, Don Joaquin, and the General's sister Trinidad, are all admirably drawn and interesting figures. Add to these Don Cástulo, archeologist and antiquary, mole-eyed for the matters of his own household, hawk-eyed as collector; Clara, his young, giddy, and light-minded wife and her equally young, giddy, and light-minded lover, Luciano, and we have the personages of the play. We learn that Mariana is the daughter of a father whose malignant disposition and unceasing conflict with his wife have resulted in

her desperate unhappiness and in her final yielding to a guilty passion and her flight with Alvarado, her lover, from her native land. Mariana's description of the night when she is dragged from her crib by her hysterical mother, and frightened, sobbing, dreaming still, is feverishly kissed and bundled, and then, hurried on by the impatient Alvarado, is pushed into half-arranged clothing and bundled, in her mother's arms, into a carriage with galloping horses, galloping off through midnight blackness, is a marvel of passionate reminiscence. So too are the phrases with which this story ends. Half awake, sobbing still, enveloped in suffocating darkness, above the clatter of the horses' hoofs, I heard the sound of a kiss. Whence did it come? To one had touched my lips — Alas, my mother, unhappy mother mine!

Mariana's recollections of her early life end with the rapid cooling of Alvarado's passion, and then by gradual descent, with his neglect, cruelty, abandonment, and her mother's death of grief and starvation. The child, friendless and homeless, is picked up by Don Joaquin and brought back to her Spanish home and father, where she appears at eleven years, divinely beautiful and profoundly sad, 'a miniature Niobe, a tiny image of petrified sorrow.'

The third masculine portrait is added to Mariana's criminal gallery when after her marriage by proxy, parentally arranged, of course, she arrives in Cuba to learn that her unknown husband has been killed in a duel over a ballet dancer. From this time she is, as her guardian puts it, good, noble, pure at heart, but dangerous; — 'one of these women who disorder the brain, who make the heart leap from the bosom, who every morning receive an amorous kiss from the goddess of madness, who draw near to you wearing in one hand happiness, in the other desperation, uncertain themselves which hand they will extend.'

Yet in spite of her hardness and caprice, in spite of her desire to revenge upon all men her own and her mother's sufferings, a great tenderness for Daniel grows up in her heart, and she has already confessed to him the feeling, when her rose-tinted bubble of happiness is forever shattered by the utterly unexpected discovery that he is the son of her wretched mother's betrayer. This discovery, unknown to Daniel or to any other person in the drama, a thunderbolt of surprise to the reader even, so wonderfully has it been managed, is brought about through the medium of one of the priceless objects in the archeologist's collection — a golden ring from which, by three delicate chains, depend three winged figures, each one of which covers its golden mouth with its right hand, as if in pledge of silence. When it is disclosed by Don Castulo that there are but two of these objects in the world, and that they were found affixed to the lips of two mummies in certain excavations in Tehuantepec; when it is further disclosed that he obtained his

by exchange, from a wealthy Spanish-American collector traveling under the assumed name of Alvarado; when all this has been told, the last touch is added by Daniel himself, who has been absent during the explanation, but enters the room just in time to tell with innocent pride that his father owns the fellow of the wonderful relic, and that his father it was who directed the famous excavations in Tehuantepec.

It is obvious that from the moment Mariana knows Daniel's real parentage tragic complications will ensue, and Echegaray sketches with consummate art the struggles of a heart torn by the opposing forces of what she knows to be love and believes to be duty. She finally throws herself into the arms of the elderly general, believing that dark passages in his early history will only too well assert that he is able to protect his wife's honor, even at the point of the sword. She loves Daniel too passionately to be able to defend herself against him unaided, yet the voice of her dead mother cries out that she must not yield and she uses the general as a bulwark behind which she may shelter herself, knowing that his jealousy, his self-love, his exaggerated sense of honor will steel his hand to kill her should she fail in duty.

Daniel, driven to madness by Mariana's desertion and her marriage to another, a desertion for which he knows no cause, visits her as she sits alone for a moment on her bridal night, stealing out, a sinister figure, into the clear moonlight that streams through the open windows. The rest is easy to imagine — in a few brief moments Mariana lies dead upon the floor, her passionate heart quiet at last, and the lover stands confronting the still smoking pistol of the outraged husband.

These are in truth black and terrible tragedies that I have outlined, but they are by no means hopeless ones. There is a certain uplift to them, an atmosphere of moral dignity, while the star of righteousness never fails to speed one ray at least through the gloomiest scenes.

'The Great Galeoto,' which Echegaray calls a world-drama, and which he dedicates to the whole world, is universally considered his supreme dramatic achievement. Given for the first time in Madrid, in 1881, it has been translated into many languages. It was produced at the Tremont Theater in Boston, in 1900, was given last winter at the subsidized theater in Chicago, and is being played this season in New York, by Mr. William Faversham and Miss Julie Opp under the name of 'The World and His Wife.'

The prologue to the drama is most unique and interesting, showing the hero in the throes of composing a play whose principal personage, he who creates and unfolds the drama, who animates and provokes the catastrophe, cannot, it seems, appear upon the stage at all.

'Is he so ugly then?' asks the hero's friend, to whom this difficulty is confided, 'so repugnant or so evil?' 'No,' answers the hero, 'no uglier than you or I. Nor is he evil or good. Neither is he repugnant; in truth I am neither so skeptical, so misanthropic, or so out of sorts with life as thus to libel him.'

'What then?' asks the friend. 'Why may not he appear?'

'Because,' answers the author, hesitating a little, 'because no stage can be made large enough to hold him.'

'Holy Virgin!' cries the auditor. 'Is it a mythological work you are composing, and does a Titan appear in it?'

'A Titan indeed, but a modern one,' answers the author, half smiling, half disconsolate.

'Explain yourself,' demands the friend in perplexity.

'This it is, then,' says the hero, 'this immense personage, this central figure of my drama, is the world, the world entire, the social mass, as it stands and breathes and moves.'

'The World and his Wife' is, then, it will be seen, an admirable title for this extraordinary drama, for its central idea is the immense and devastating power of slander.

Don Julian, the middle-aged hero, man of strength, tenderness, and power, Teodora, his lovely and loving young wife; Ernesto, his young and brilliant ward,—almost his son, are shown to us at the beginning of the play, pure, noble, at peace with themselves and one another. At its close Julian is wrecked in life and reason, Teodora's fair fame forever destroyed, Ernesto plunged in deepest misery, made to feel himself a recreant, a pillager of his guardian's honor, his future destroyed, and all by the power of a lifted eyebrow, a suggestive smile, a whispered word, a muttered gibe, an innuendo so slight as scarce to be remarked on first repetition. 'The World and his Wife' have been busy, and by force of their suspicions and the foul imaginings of their own hearts have created the evil that without them had never existed.

'The horrible thing about calumny,' says the hero, 'is that the thought is stained by the dark contact of the dark idea. By force of thinking on the crime it becomes familiar to the conscience. First it is seen in frightful and repugnant guise, but *'tis seen, 'tis seen*, be sure, in night and darkness ever seen.'

The play moves simply, and with sincere strength and conviction to its appointed end. Given such characters and such situations, setting in motion such forces, one feels that no other close would have been possible, and here comes in the insight and knowledge of a scientist, a scholar, a man

of the world and of affairs. Echegaray's plays seem to my vision immeasurably above the ordinary line of modern dramatic productions, and that they are so considered both in his own land and in foreign countries is proved by the fact that he is not only a member of the Royal Spanish Academy (Madrid, 1894), but has received the Nobel prize for pre-eminence in letters.

That these plays of Echegaray's are not without defects, it goes without saying, chief among which, perhaps, may be counted the gloom in which many of them are wrapped, their consequent lack of humor and their tremendous weight of moral purpose. The secondary characters are not always carefully drawn, the plots are sometimes overweighted with incident, there are occasional interminable speeches, and in one or two of the plays there are frequent artificial phrase-inversions and too great symbolic use of certain words in the effort to produce the desired atmosphere.

Still these defects are but small compared to their unusual plots, their striking situations, their wonderful grasp of passion, their noble flow of language, their felicity of invention, their strongly marked characters full of life, action, and good red blood and the powerful surge of moral conviction which upholds and bears them all upon its bosom.

The sonnet on Echegaray by Samper, the lyric poet, published in the 'Revista Contemporanea,' on April 30, 1900, sums up the opinion of his countrymen in regard to his dramatic genius, and foreshadows his place in the Pantheon of Spain's great men.

SAMPER'S SONNET ON ECHEGARAY

Conquering hero of the Spanish stage,
 Swift as thy coming was thy conquest wrought;
 No warriors 'gainst thee bloody fight did wage.
 Thy Siren song, once heard, the victory brought.
 Not the sharp lightnings by mad envy sped,
 Nor the loud thunders of a foreign glory
 Can mar the laurels circled round thy head,
 Nor hush Fame's trumpet, as it sounds thy story.
 The poets of the Golden Age of Spain,—
 Tirso, Moreto, Rojas, Alarcon,—
 To dress thee bravely for thy part were fain;
 Each furnishing a grace that was his own.
 Lope himself revives again in thee,
 And in thy magic Calderon we see.

SHAKESPEARE'S 'MACBETH'

A STUDY PROGRAM

BY CHARLOTTE PORTER AND HELEN A. CLARKE

ACT I — FORTUNE TEMPTS

Topic.— Macbeth's 'Day of Success.'

Hints for Study of this Topic.— Are there any surprises in 'Macbeth'? — that is, is any event so sudden that the idea of it is not introduced to foreshadow the actual fact?

Examine Act I in the light of this query, noticing what the main line of the action is and how it is led up to in anticipation.

Scene i, in stage setting alone — the 'desert place,' the 'thunder and lightning' — is at once significant of the nature of the play. The general atmospheric impression produced makes cosmic nature itself a sympathetic image of the tragedy in general, and in particular of the pending battle about which the witches are talking, and of some vaguely felt issue hanging upon it for the man whom the witches are proposing to meet when the battle is decided. The whole scene is like a prologue bearing in it the seeds of the action to follow, and suggesting broadly, also, the influence of environment and occasion on man, especially upon the man named — the hero of the drama — Macbeth.

In this little scene the Third Witch says the definite things. She declares that the battle will be decided at sunset. She names Macbeth as the one upon whom their agreement to meet centers. Is this an indication of some intention to give individual character to the witches? It may be held in mind for comparison with their later appearances to see whether it is borne out or not. Is it, rather, simply a dramatic device for bringing out effectively the telltale points?

Scene ii is taken up with news of the battle which scene i has already told us is in dispute. The news brought by the first messenger, the Serjeant, is incomplete: the mind is only half relieved by his report from the desperate state of struggling equilibrium which he paints with the turgid metaphors of a strong man straining every nerve to tell his exciting story, before he dies of the bloody gashes he has received but is ignoring.

It takes a second messenger, Ross, to complete the account of the

revolt; and the breathlessness which marks the scene, quieted down with the surety of the success of the king's arms over the rebellion and invasion, is shifted to the second subject of suspense and interest, already singled out by the witches — to the man 'disdaining fortune,'— brave Macbeth.

The event of this scene — the victory — is thus both foreshadowed and left hanging in doubt from the first, and from Macbeth's relation to it comes a foreboding, also awakened by the witch scene, that new treasures may grow.

The rendezvous of the witches with Macbeth promised in the first scene is left to be taken up. All that was sinister in that appointment to meet him on the heath after the fate of the battle was decided is developed in scene iii.

As regards the witches alone, it may be noticed that here again the third witch seems to be the one most intent upon Macbeth. To her is given the climax in their greeting of him. She hails him with the title that makes him start. By the strange effect of that greeting upon him this scene is made ominous of an event to grow out of the only actual fact made known in the scene — namely the announcement to Macbeth of his accession to the place of the Thane of Cawdor. Even this is not a new fact in itself, but only a new one to its announcement to Macbeth. As a fact accomplished it belongs to the preceding scene.

What is the new event, then, of this scene which constitutes a fresh step in the plot and overshadows Act II? Is it external or psychological?

Contrast the effect of Ross's announcement on Banquo and Macbeth. What light do their remarks throw on the situation?

What are the events of scene iv? Is there nothing new externally except the announcement of the king that he bequeaths his crown to his eldest son? But this announcement brings out an inner eventfulness of far more importance. Macbeth's preconceived ambition that he has been brooding over and that the witches have newly roused, is suddenly revealed in its worst aspect by this setback. The clash of the king's announcement with his secretly cherished designs is like a glare of lightning to see him blind at the instant when his mind is leaping to attain his heart's desire, at any cost, despite any obstacle. Of course, as the kinsman of the king and a powerful noble he might have acceded to the throne of Scotland (which was not then necessarily hereditary) without violence, if the king had not thus declared his intention to secure his son's succession. By this declaration Macbeth's mind is driven to the general idea of foul play. But does it lead him to any immediate definite plan of action?

Is there any indication in this scene that the king's next announcement

of his intention to honor Macbeth by becoming his guest at Inverness is seized upon by Macbeth as convenient for his ambitious purpose? Should the actor of the part here show by implication that he is alive to it? Or must he be careful lest he overact here? Ought he to make this scene forebode the next, but without anticipating it so far as to interfere with the effectiveness of Lady Macbeth's first appearance?

In scene v the king's visit to Inverness is brought out in all the horrible significance of its fitness to tempt and serve Macbeth's ambition. But it is brought out through the effect of the announcement on Lady Macbeth. Macbeth himself seems to have been so preoccupied with the apparent check to his ambition when Duncan announced Malcolm as his heir that his mind failed to seize the 'nearest way,' to the end he was even then driven to avow himself. Was he less quickwitted and adroit than Lady Macbeth, although by no means dependent on her for evil aims and suggestions?

Is the measure of his dependence upon her shown in scenes iv and v to be the debt of a bad intention upon intuition and mental grasp of the situation, i.e., on both insight and executive plan for the enterprise that will consummate the bad deed he intends?

What does scene v accomplish? Is any altogether fresh fact brought to light? Is Lady Macbeth herself its great event? The scene summarizes all that has gone before, but unfolds its implications and points the drift of the action already in movement; and it apparently does this, by making us see the whole sharply and definitely through Lady Macbeth's sensitive response to Macbeth's desires and her pitilessly clear logic upon the convenient opportunity which events have shaped to suit them. Show in detail how the scene is made vividly ominous of the deed now breathlessly looming ahead of them.

Scenes vi and vii take on swiftly the necessary intervening action of small happenings — the king's arrival, the banquet time, the details of the plan for the night. Macbeth's half-hearted withdrawal from his resolution is dextrously bound up with the arrangement of these details. He has not seen how to do safely and effectively what he wants done on that night, and he requires Lady Macbeth to screw him up again, not merely by heartening him, but by showing him a feasible plausible method. Does it make him any the less responsible for the plot? Does his executive weakness tempt her and elicit all her power for evil quite as much as her executive ability leads him on?

How does the influence of the two on each other intensify the impression here of headlong action?

The faltering at the crucial moment of Macbeth as the instrument of

the impending deed acts like a cold wind on fire of Lady Macbeth's directing force to make it glow more fierily and powerfully. Her spiritual energy and practical ability in this way soon reacts upon Macbeth, who adds such body and momentum to their plot that as the scene closes the imagination of the audience or the reader rushes on irresistibly toward the foreshadowed murder.

Sum up the actual events of Act I on the one side, and on the other the subjective events, so to speak, and contrast their influence on the plot and their bearing on each other.

ACT II — THE DEED

Topic.— Fitness of Time and Place.

Hints.— From Banquo's remarks to Fleance at the opening of this act do you get the impression that he already suspects that Macbeth will use violent means to bring about the fulfilment of the witches' prophecy? Is he more afraid of what he may be tempted to do himself to help on the prophecy in his own behalf, or is he already fearful lest he and his son might also become the victims of Macbeth's ambition? Are his remarks to Macbeth about the king perfectly ingenuous or is he trying Macbeth in order to discover if possible his intentions toward the king. Are Macbeth's replies made only with the intention of putting Banquo off the scent, or does he also intend to throw out a bribe to Banquo and insure his silence upon whatever may happen, when he promises 'honor,' to Banquo if he shall 'cleave' to his 'consent'?

Would the audience be fooled by Macbeth in this scene if it were not in the secret? How has it been put in the secret? Since it is in the secret as to the intentions of Macbeth, what purpose does this scene and the dagger speech serve, unless it be to reveal the characters of the actors by hints and previsions of what is going on within their minds? Does the fascination of this short scene depend largely upon the fact that it would be possible to interpret in more than one way the inner workings of these two men's minds? The dagger speech besides revealing Macbeth's mood tells the audience that the deed is about to be accomplished. What arrangements had Macbeth and Lady Macbeth made to insure its successful accomplishment as implied in the talk and action though not indicated directly?

In the scene (ii) following the murder do you get the impression that it is physical revulsion rather than moral horror at his deed that unnerves Macbeth? Does Lady Macbeth's strength appear in this scene to be due

entirely to her greater heartlessness, or to a determination to counteract the effects of her husband's weakness, and so save the day for him?

Does the scene with the porter serve the double purpose of relieving the tense strain upon the nerves of the audience, and of reminding them that the little petty events of life go on in their dull and even tenor while dark and terrible deeds are being accomplished? Or is it chiefly effective as a means for bringing home to the two guilty ones the fact that henceforth they will be outcast from that world which breaks in upon their crime so carelessly, yet so full of the latent power of retribution which will one day be their undoing? By the end of this act has the consummation of the deed produced any moral effects for better or worse upon either Macbeth or Lady Macbeth? Or do we find them simply following a blind human impulse to save themselves from detection? Which of them over acts the most and why?

While the moral action of the play may be said to be in poise (scene iii) in Macbeth and Lady Macbeth with their ambition attained, the counter-forces at once begin to make themselves apparent.

Point out what these are in scenes iii and iv. If Malcolm and Donalbain had not fled would the murder of Duncan have accomplished anything? Are there good and sufficient reasons why they should flee? Do they or any one else show suspicion of Macbeth? Is there anything to show that either Macbeth or Lady Macbeth had thought of the complications that might arise through Malcolm and Donalbain?—or that they had thought of the possibility that suspicion would point to them? In point of fact did not circumstances to which they had given no thought help them in the attainment of their end just as much as their own deed? Is this a weakness in the construction of the plot, or is it supremely true to life? Is a criminal likely to take in all the aspects of the deed he commits?

ACT III — FATE CHALLENGED

Topic.—The 'Barren Scepter.'

Hints.—The consequences of the deed done in Act II begin to unfold significantly in Act III. The first consequence shown is the effect upon Macbeth's mind when established as king, of the witches' prophecy concerning Banquo's descendants.

His hostile intention toward Banquo and Fleance appears darkly, although significantly, first in scene i, openly in scene ii, and the result of his ill will is tersely, indeed spectacularly presented in scene iii, while the remaining scenes are again devoted to the consequences of this new deed.

And these consequences are first shown in action, as before, on Macbeth's mind in scene iv, and then, scene v, in reflex influence on the trend of fate itself as represented by the witches, and finally in scene vi, upon his subject as represented by the talk of Lenox about the flight of Fleance, the similar flight of Malcolm and Donalbain, and finally in the talk about Macduff as of one through whose daring fresh evil or good are portended. These scenes foreshadow all that follows in fact or in anticipation throughout the action of Act IV as regards Macbeth and the witches and Macduff's family; they also darkly suggest Macduff's possible revenge.

Is the reflex action of Macbeth's deeds on fate itself, i.e., his proposition to call fate into the lists, to circumvent prophecy and control destiny in his own interest, the important event of Act III, or is its most important event Banquo's murder? If the actual fact of the murder and the attempt to kill Fleance has a less fundamental bearing on the progress of the action than the determination of Macbeth's mind against them, is it to be concluded that Shakespeare virtually makes Macbeth's soul the real stage of the action, and so in this play closely approaches the method characteristic of the so-called 'modern' psychological drama?

It might be argued that while Banquo's murder was not so important to the action here, as Macbeth's attempt to circumvent fate by murdering him and Fleance, the escape of Fleance was the external fact of central importance. But it must be noticed that this fact is dramatically ineffective. Nothing comes of it, Fleance is not heard of again, he bears no witness against Macbeth and no vengeance comes through him. His escape is made a symbol instead of an instrument of Macbeth's failure to control fate by external means. And the main line of movement in the play is therefore the launching of Macbeth in the act into the full stream of the struggle between himself and the powers of fate which he has challenged.

Fate, on her side, in the person of Hecate, accepts the challenge in scene v, where she appears as the commander of the witches and as one who has the power to lead their external jugglery with Macbeth into supernatural and prophetic realms of influence.

ACT IV — FATE DECEIVES

Topic.— Taking a Bond of Fate.

Hints.— The act opens with the witch scene that has already been prepared for in the third act by Hecate. The appearance of the witches here may be compared with that in the first act as being far more gruesome

and suggestive of evil. Then, they appeared simply as the announcers of fate; now, they are joined by Hecate, who not only knows the course of fate, but is also an active force for evil and takes delight in misleading Macbeth with dissembling visions, scaring him with baneful prophecies, and leading him on in his path of evil.

Was not Macbeth on his first meeting with the witches a free agent, still able in spite of his ambitious aims to choose the right course? Now he has by his own actions sold himself to evil, and evil in the semblance of Hecate can lead him whither she will for his own utter undoing. Are the witches just as actively on the side of evil as Hecate, but without her controlling power?

At the beginning of this act, then, we see the result of Macbeth's helping on his fate by evil means, namely, his fate has become one with evil, and just as when fate was favorable to him, he worked to bring about its prophecies, now that it prophesies things unfavorable, he determines to defy it. Does the scene of the witches brewing the broth in the cauldron serve as a vivid symbol of the gathering powers of evil which will finally be the undoing of Macbeth?

How are Macbeth's actions influenced by his last meeting with the witches? Does it show lack of wisdom on his part so openly to avow his intention of putting Macduff's wife and children to the sword, or does he imagine he will be considered justified because of Macduff's defection, or is he determined to cow every one into subjection by openly showing his hand as a tyrant, or is he simply rendered reckless by the double dealing of fate which assures him at the same time of personal security and yet warns him of Macduff?

Does the scene in which Macduff's wife and children are murdered have any bearing upon the development of the dramatic motive? Observe that in it Macbeth's cruelty is presented in its most intensive form. Compare the three murder scenes, showing how the first is done out of sight of the audience, while the feelings of Macbeth before and after are shown very intimately to the audience. In the second one, the murder is shown directly, but the victims come upon the scene only momentarily and then disappear, while the feelings of Macbeth, though indicated, are not shown so intimately. In the third, the cruelty of the murder is emphasized through the audience being put in sympathy with the victims by a pathetic domestic scene, while the murderers appear simply as slaughterers. Of Macbeth's feelings, we see nothing; that is, Macbeth has been moved entirely without the range of the sympathy of the audience, and the victims have been brought within its range. The cruelty of the murder is still more emphasized by the fact that the victims are not in any way directly dangerous to Macbeth.

How can Macduff's leaving his wife and children unprotected be explained? Is it simply demanded by the exigencies of the plot, or are there good and sufficient actual reasons why it was necessary for him to take this step?

In scene iii, the forces of retribution begin to gather strength. Is anything gained by the doubts cast upon Macduff both by his wife and Malcolm? Do they simply emphasize the extent of Macbeth's cruelty and machinations: first, by showing that Macduff's only possible hope was in fleeing to England for help, not only for Scotland but for the protection of his home, which he could no longer defend single handed; second, by showing what plots Macbeth had laid in order to get Malcolm into his power?

Does the entrance of the doctor in this scene and his talk about the cures effected by the pious Edward serve any purpose whatever in the plot?

Taken as a whole may this scene be said to represent the quiet gathering of the forces that are to overwhelm Macbeth, its slow movement like the sullen pause which precedes the outbreak of a storm, while, to carry the simile farther, the news of the murder of Macduff's wife and children is the lightning flash that lets loose the storm in all its fury.

ACT V — FATE CONQUERS

Topic.— The 'Bloody Head.'

Hints.— Act V brings home to Macbeth and his 'partner of greatness' the triumph of the fate they themselves have given its power over them. This triumph is portrayed as asserting itself first over Lady Macbeth, secretly, through its effect upon her mind.

Scene i shows how she has miscalculated her own strength to act ruthlessly. She is revealed in the sleep-walking scene as one of that class of believers in evil whose error is most of all against human nature. The heart and head she thought could be bent upon any design by her own will rebel through their own soundness and delicacy. Is it likely, judging by this scene alone, that her final death by suicide is the end Shakespeare meant for her as the most characteristic and artistic consummation of her part?

Is the announcement of her death 'by self and violent hands' in the last scene of the play foreshadowed in this? What line of this scene gives the hint?

Does the drama show that her heart and her head have been equally distressed in secret, by the violence she has done her capacity for goodness? That is, does she reach the condition in which this scene unveils her, through

her head,— by seeing, finally, how endless are the consequences of a violent deed, entailing ever new risks and chances of ruin for the sake of security in power? Or do you think that she has reached remorse through her squeamish heart which has not been able to share in blood without an irresistible shrinking and physical horror that has swallowed up her command of her own consciousness?

What light do the speeches which Shakespeare gives the 'Gentlewoman' in her talk with the Doctor in this scene, throw upon Lady Macbeth's character? Are they meant to reflect the view of normal womanhood? And is Lady Macbeth meant to appear by contrast with such a type, or as essentially of the same type?

Is the anguish and death of Lady Macbeth necessary to the plot externally, either through its influence upon Macbeth or upon his subjects by acquainting them with the foul play and rousing rebellion? Or, is it necessary to the plot, internally,— as an element contributing to the consummation of destiny and retribution?

Scene ii shows the powers of fate about to center externally upon Macbeth and force a hard-fought retribution by actual deeds. Does scene iii show that Macbeth is in any respect privately open, as Lady Macbeth was open, through a misgiving heart to the impending triumph of fate over him? Is any such feeling of insecurity positive enough — external enough — to conquer his soul? His obduracy may be a sign of his obtuseness or of his superstitious faith in the oracle. Which is it?

What effect is produced by the representation of Macbeth in scene iii, as being so irritated by the Doctor's answer to his question if medicine can help a 'mind diseased'? Why is he so sensitive to the force of the doctor's reply — that to such sorrows the patient must minister to himself? Does it suggest that Macbeth is cut by a haunting suspicion he wishes not to entertain — that his deliverance from his heart-sickness cannot be won by external aid?

Does Macbeth's talk with the messenger as to the English force reveal his grosser fears, his talk with the doctor about Lady Macbeth, his finer ones?

Scene iv brings one stage nearer the outward instruments fate is using, — Malcolm, Macduff, and the English army. How does this scene identify the advance of the army with the prophecy?

Scene v is made to show through its exposition of Macbeth's alternately benumbed and desperate moods, both the imminence of his defeat and the stings of his own forebodings of the evil due him. Does he show his weakness most by his apathy or by his violence?

The last shreds of the mask Fate has worn in order to lure him on are cast aside in scenes vi and vii. What is the bearing of the lines — 'Why should I play the Roman fool and die on mine own sword?' Did he virtually, in an inner sense, die finally as a result of his own sword's thrust against another? In murdering Duncan, did he as good as kill himself, if he only knew it? Would suicide have shown that his conscience had power over him to accuse him of killing another in order to gain an advantage for himself? Did Lady Macbeth's show that hers had such power?

Is either his suicide or Macduff's success in killing him dramatically called for by the construction of the play? Which best suits it, and why?

Is the bringing in upon the stage of Macbeth's 'bloody head' a necessary incident of the close of the play, because it fulfills the oracle, or because it is a fitting end of Macbeth's story and a perfect sequel in its likeness and contrast with the end of his 'partner of greatness'?

LIFE AND LETTERS

AMONG the daily frequenters of the Boston Public Library, M. J. Canavan is well known there as an expert student in the colonial and formative periods of the American nationality. To the question 'What was known of Milton in America?' he answers with the following facts, worth reams of discussion:

'Roger Williams, when in England, was quite intimate with Milton. He read Dutch to the secretary of Milton, who in turn read to him in Latin and other languages. John Oxenbridge, pastor of the First Church, 1664, seems also to have known Milton. The poet Andrew Marvell wrote to him that he had delivered to Oxenbridge his book "Secunde Defensio," and that when Oxenbridge returned he would undoubtedly thank him personally. Oxenbridge was then at Eton.

'In 1656 Cromwell sent a ward to Eton with Andrew Marvell as tutor. They lived with the Oxenbridges and from the poet Marvell Oxenbridge must have learned of Milton's poetry.

'On the other hand: There is no work of Milton found in the catalogue Increase Mather made of his library in 1664. Nor was there anything in the King's Chapel library sent over by King William in 1698. Nor in the library of some thirteen hundred volumes of Rev. Samuel Lee, 1698. No work of Milton appears in the Harvard College catalogue of 1723. In the Prince Library (now in the Boston Public Library) there were the Latin works by Milton published at Amsterdam in 1693.

'It may be said, however, that outside of the Hebrew, Greek, and Latin authors,

no poetry is found in these libraries, except such as Ainsworth and the Bay State Psalms. But this same ignorance seems to have existed in England. Clarendon makes no mention of Milton, nor does Richard Baxter, who writes of every other Puritan. Thurlow, who must have seen him hundreds of times, simply refers to him as "a blind man who wrote Latin."

'Milton was not popular with the Puritan party. His book on divorce was a scandal and little less than blasphemy. Whether he proclaimed it or not in his life, he was an anti-Trinitarian, and as to the Baptists, whom the Puritans hated, Milton, said that "adult baptism was according to commonsense."

SHAKESPEARE wrote all his will, and not merely the signatures, with his own hand, says a German manuscript expert. The report given of his discovery follows from *Der Menschenkenner*, a Leipzig magazine of practical psychology. It is of interest on more than one account to give this important report unchanged in any particular, thus: 'In the controversy of the Shakespearians and Baconians the latter point out the actor William Shakespeare to have been a rough, uncultured man who could hardly write. They base this argument on the fact that five signatures on documents are regarded as all we possess of Shakespeare's handwriting, and that these signatures are at least partly of such a neglected form as to cause doubts in the culture and mental education of their writer. They forget, though, that at least one of these signatures was dam-

aged by persons examining the testament and making tracings of the famous name. There exists a copy, though, of this signature, as of all the others, out of the first two scores of years after the discovery of the testament in 1747. This copy is clear and good and shows as well as all the other signatures a strongly individual and highly gifted personality of a passionate disposition. These signatures are small material, though, for a thorough study of character. It is therefore an important discovery that they are identical with the handwriting of the three large sheets of the testament, said to be written by a Clerc, a saying not based on a single fact, but contradicted by more than one. This discovery by M. Thumm-Kintzel with all the handwriting material is given in the latest copy

of the German monthly magazine, *Der Menschenkenner*, Leipzig, Otto Wigand. The pedantic, unpoetical handwriting of Francis Bacon is here compared with the highly genial, poetical, and artistic strokes of the testament and the signatures of William Shakespeare. They are described as following: "The handwriting of the testament and the signatures reveal the charakter, the mind and the gifts of a giant and is worth (*sic*) of being placed aside of the handwriting of a Beethoven, a Goethe. Bacon's handwriting, though, shows a busy and serious scientist, too serious and humorous for Shakespeare's works.

"But a poet? No! It shows a politician and a lawyer, but a poet's phantasy and imagination? Never!"